

No. 1

OCT.

TEN CENTS



STAMPS!
COINS!
AUTOGRAPHS!

SUPERBOY
COLLECTS
THEM ALL

in
**"The Great
Hobby Contest"**

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

8
BRADS

HONORING SUPERBOY'S MERCY FLIGHT

8
BRADS



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UNKNOWN

THERE'S NO SUCH ANIMAL.
WE'VE HUNTED HIGH AND LOW,
IN LAND OF APE AND CANNIBAL,
BUT NOWHERE TO BE FOUND
IS X, THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY—
POOR CHAP, HE'LL NEVER
READ THE BOOKS WITH THE SIGN THAT
MEANS "I WANT IT, GEE!"



-ON THE COVER OF
FLASH COMICS
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!

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SUPERBOY

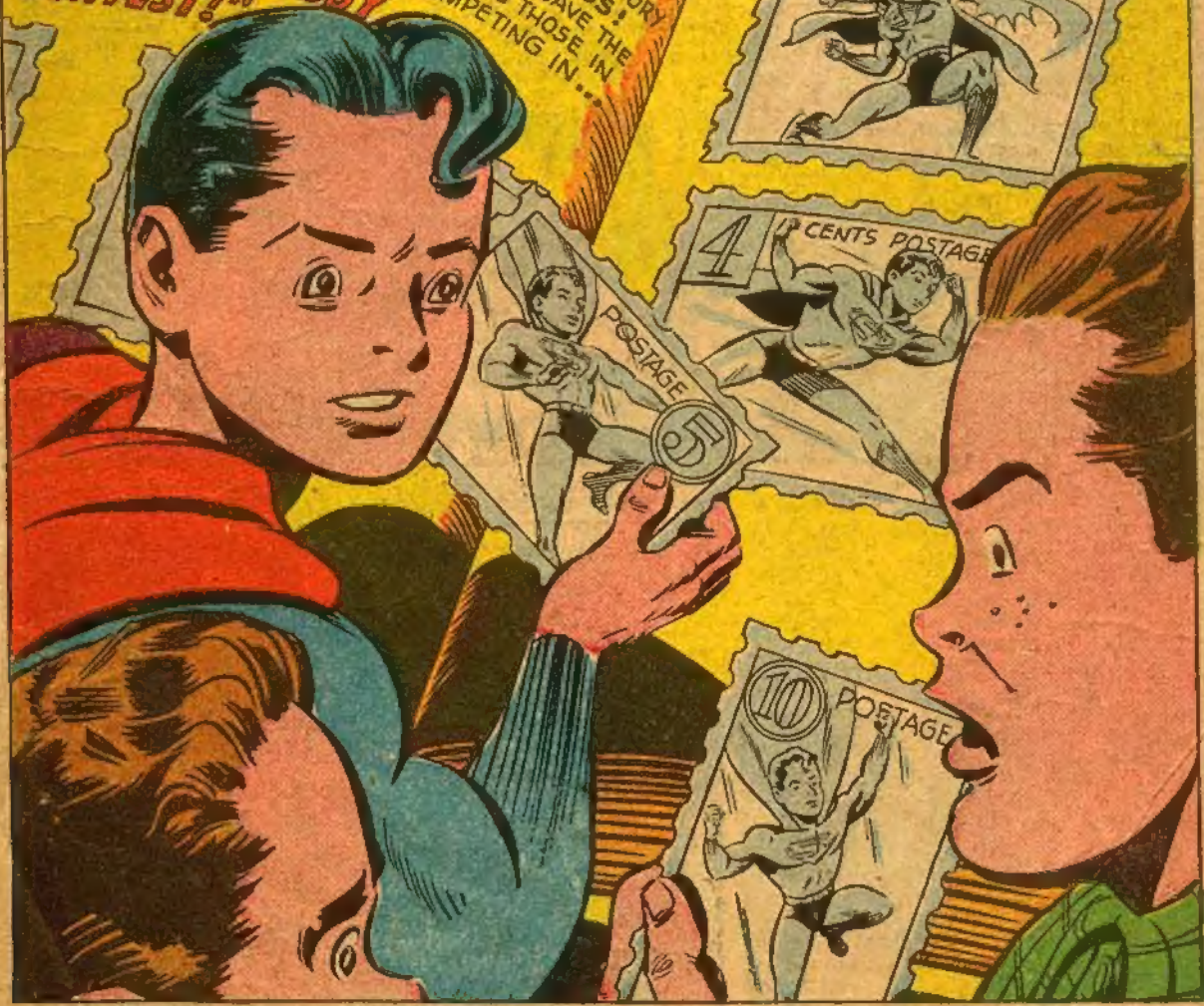
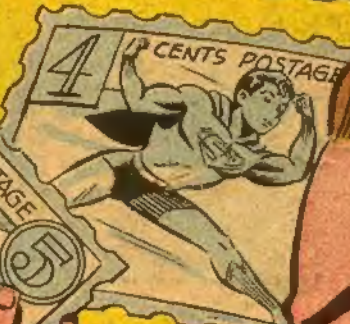
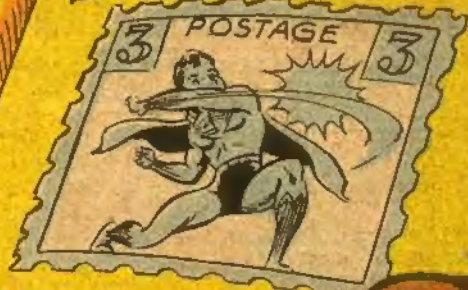
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS A BOY!

by
JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

SUPERSTAMP ALBUM

DO YOU SAVE STAMPS? DO YOU
SAVE COINS? OR PERHAPS YOU
COLLECT SEA SHELLS?
IF YOU EVER HAVE PURSUED A HOBBY, THEN YOU'LL
SYMPATHIZE WITH THE YOUNG HOBBYISTS OF THIS STORY
AS THEY UNWITTINGLY COLLECT—UNHAPPINESS!
BUT THEN THE BOY OF STEEL APPEARS TO SAVE THE
DAY, FOR SUPERBOY'S HOBBY IS HELPING THOSE IN
TROUBLE, LIKE THE YOUNGSTERS COMPETING IN...
**"THE GREAT HOBBY
CONTEST!"**

SUPERSTAMP ALBUM





IN THE SMALL TOWN IN WHICH YOUNG CLARK KENT LIVES, EXCITEMENT RUNS HIGH — BECAUSE OF A POSTER!



GOLLY! A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD!

HOBBY CONTEST

To promote more interest in hobbies, the Civic League offers FOUR FREE TRIPS AROUND THE WORLD TO THE WINNERS OF THE JUNIOR HOBBY CONTEST.

GEE WHIZ! MAYBE I CAN WIN ONE WITH MY COIN COLLECTION!



LATER, CLARK MEETS ORVILLE ORVILLE, THE RICHEST AND MOST SPOILED YOUNGSTER IN TOWN.

HEAR ABOUT THE CONTEST, ORVILLE?

NATURALLY! I'VE ALREADY PHONED FATHER'S BANKERS TO BUY UP HOBBY COLLECTIONS FOR ME!

BUT THAT'S NOT FAIR! THE OTHER KIDS WORKED HARD TO COLLECT THEIR ITEMS ONE BY ONE!

WHY SHOULD I WASTE TIME COLLECTING THE JUNK WHEN I CAN BUY COMPLETED COLLECTIONS FROM POOR FOOLS?



YOU'RE BEING VERY SELFISH! YOU CAN AFFORD TO TRAVEL AROUND THE WORLD, WHEREAS WINNING A TRIP MEANS A LOT TO THOSE KIDS!

I KNOW — BUT I'LL HAVE SO MUCH FUN WINNING ALL THE PRIZES! HA! HA!

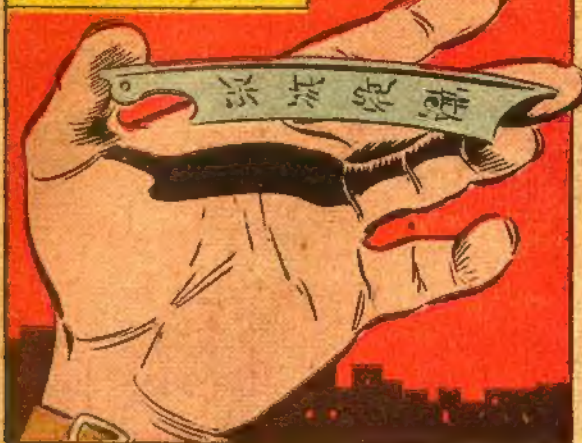
A WEEK LATER — HOBBY CONTEST DAY!

THE CONTEST WILL BEGIN WITH COIN COLLECTORS! FIRST PRIZE WILL BE GIVEN FOR THE LARGEST OF ALL COINS!



2 NICE KID, THIS ORVILLE.

SEEMINGLY AN EASY WINNER IS BOBBY'S ENTRY—A KNIFE COIN OF ANCIENT CHINA—ONCE USED FOR CUTTING AND COMMERCE.

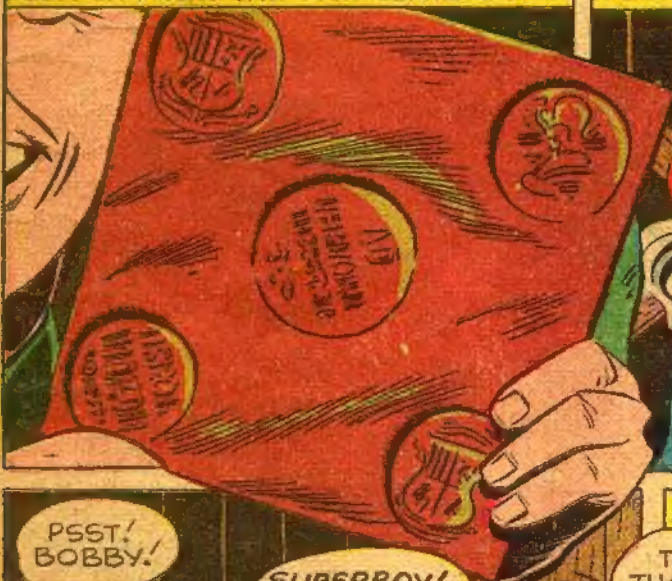


ABRUPTLY...

CALL THAT A LARGE COIN? HMMH—LOOK AT THIS OLD SWEDISH DALER! IT WEIGHS THIRTY POUNDS.



A SWEDISH "DALER"—SLAB MONEY OF COPPER FROM THE 17TH CENTURY!



UNSEEN, CLARK SLIPS BEHIND THE STAND AND STRIPS FOR ACTION.

IF ORVILLE CAN USE HIS WEALTH TO HELP HIM IN THE CONTEST, THEN THE OTHER KIDS CAN USE SOME HELP, TOO!



PSST! BOBBY!

SUPERBOY! BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!



THEN, AFTER A QUICK CONFERENCE...

THE ONE COIN THAT CAN WIN IS ON AN ISLAND FAR AWAY IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

WHY, THAT'S ONLY A HOP, SKIP AND JUMP FROM HERE.



EXACTLY ONE MINUTE LATER...

NOT A BAD BROAD-JUMP, IF I MUST SAY SO MYSELF!

CHIEF, I'D LIKE TO BUY YOUR LARGEST COIN FROM YOU!

RASH YOUTH, MY PRIZE COIN IS WORTH 10,000 COCONUTS! CAN YOU REAP SUCH A HARVEST ALONE?

CAN HE? JUST WATCH, CHIEF!

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GIVE EVERY TREE ON THE ISLAND THE SHAKES!

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE!

10,000, CHIEF! COUNT THEM YOURSELF IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME!

HOW CAN I? I HAVE ONLY TEN FINGERS AND TEN TOES!

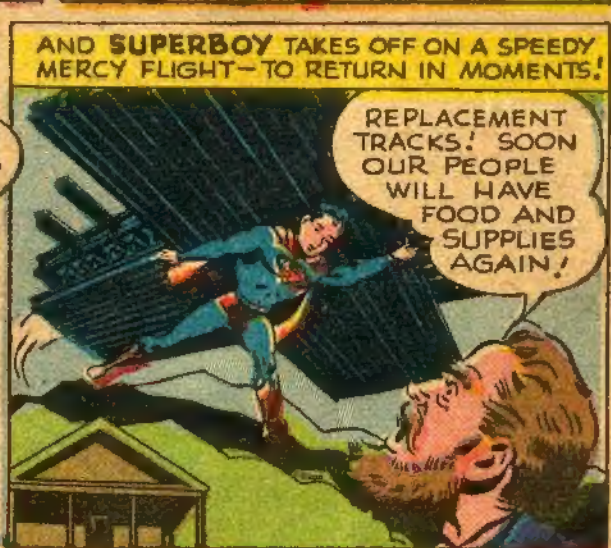
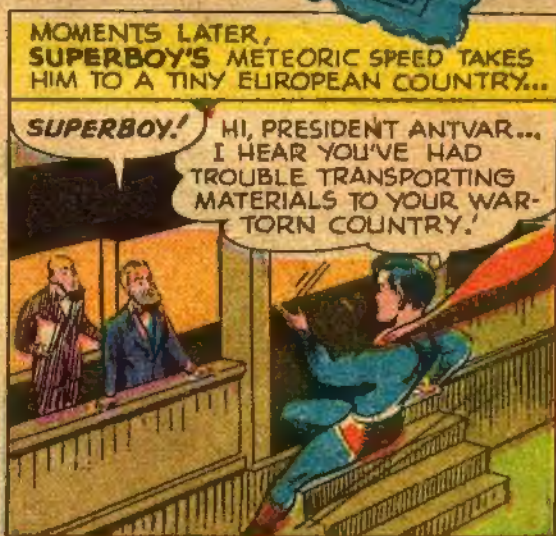
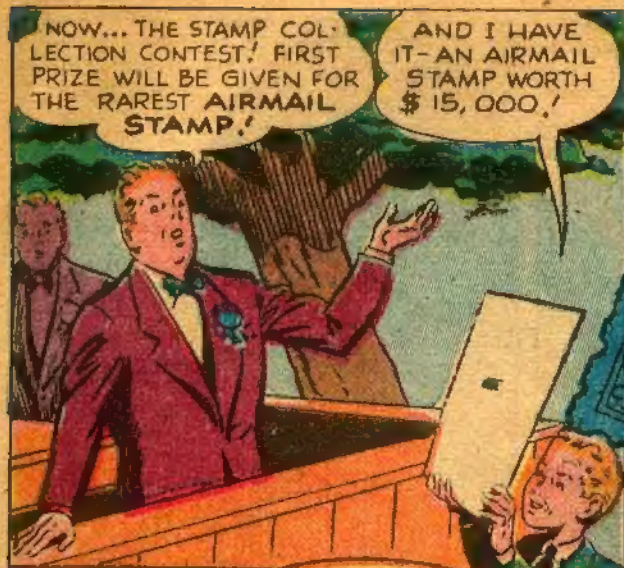
THEN, A SPEEDY RETURN TO THE CONTEST WHERE...

DID HE SAY THAT'S A COIN?

HERE'S A COIN FROM BOBBY'S COLLECTION THAT HE FORGOT TO SHOW YOU!

B-BUT THAT'S ONLY A BIG ROCK!

THESE HUGE STONE DISCS ARE USED FOR MONEY BY THE NATIVES ON THE ISLAND OF YAP! IT IS THE LARGEST "COIN" HERE AND WINS FIRST PRIZE!

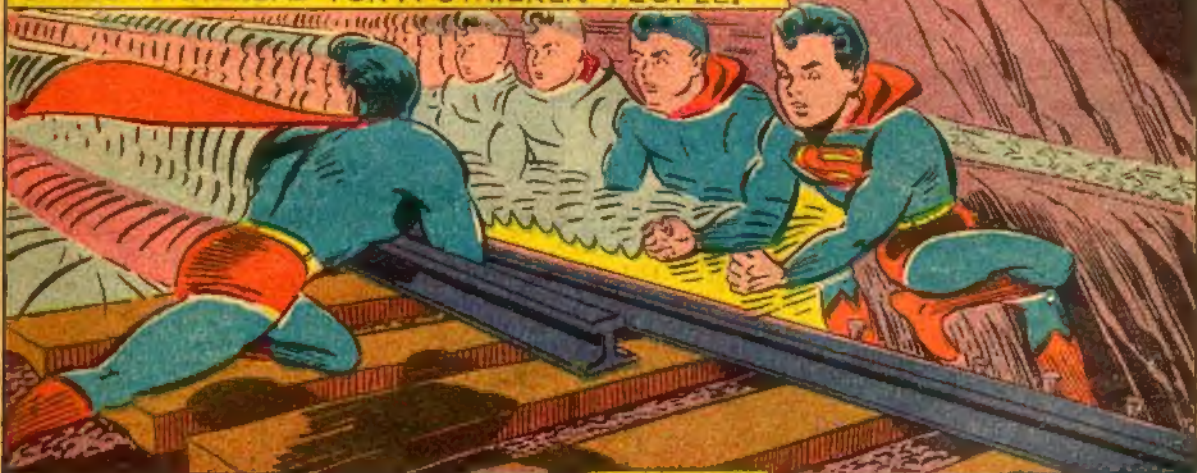




SUPERBOY TURNS LOGGER! SWIFT, AXE-LIKE WHACKS WITH HIS STEEL HAND CLEAVE TREE TRUNKS INTO SHORT PLANKS!



AFTER HAMMERING THE RAILS INTO PLACE, SUPERBOY BUILDS A RAILROAD FOR A STRICKEN PEOPLE!



THE PRESIDENT IS DULY GRATEFUL...

HOW CAN WE REWARD YOU?

ALL I WANT IS A SMALL BIT OF PAPER! IT'S FOR SOMEONE ELSE WHO NEEDS HELP.

AND SOON...

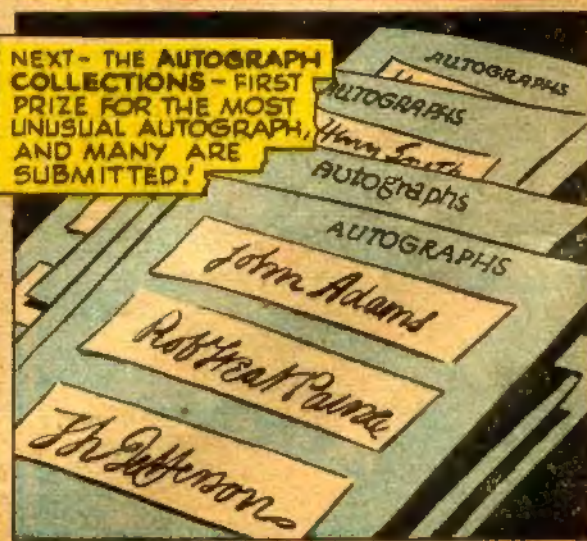
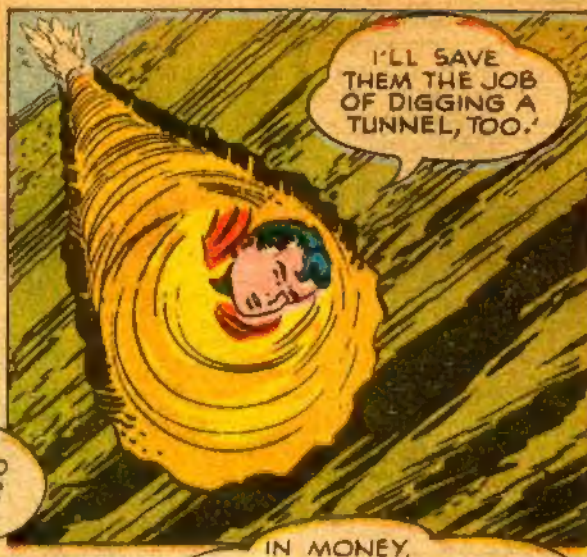
AFTER HAVING EXAMINED ALL STAMP COLLECTIONS, I DECLARE THE WINNER TO BE ORVILLE ORV-

AND THE JUDGE SEES THE SUPERBOY AIRMAIL STAMP!

DON'T BE HASTY, JUDGE! LOOK!

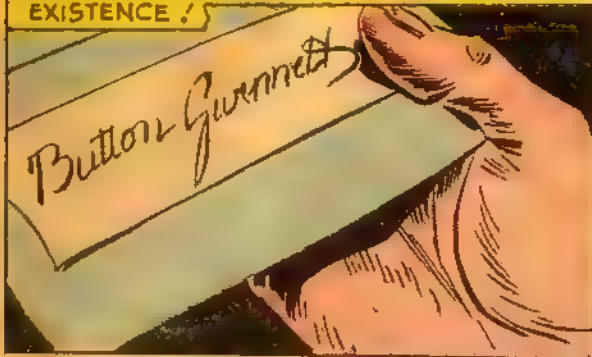








BUT ORVILLE'S ENTRY IS THAT OF **BUTTON GWINNET**, SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE! GWINNET AUTOGRAPHS ARE RARE BECAUSE THERE ARE ONLY A FEW IN EXISTENCE!



NEVERTHELESS, **SUPERBOY** ROCKETS TO THE ESTATE OF THE AGED FINANCIER...

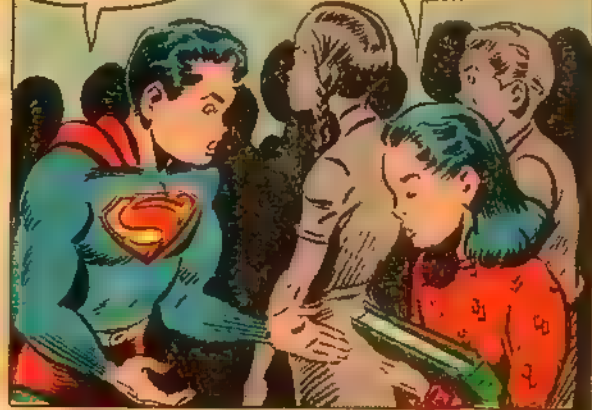
...I'VE TOLD YOU THE STORY! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

DON'T BOTHER ME! BESIDES, I DON'T BELIEVE YOU ARE A **SUPERBOY**!

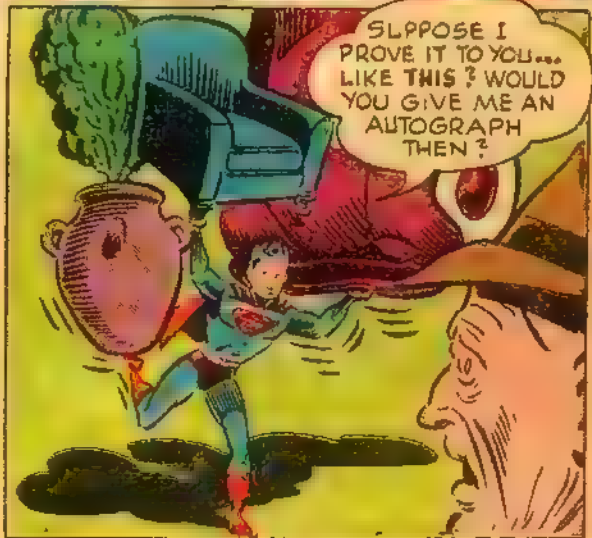


THINK, MARY, THERE MUST BE **SOME** AUTOGRAPH THAT'S RARE!

THERE'S **TITUS CANBY**, THE BILLIONAIRE - BUT HE **NEVER** GIVES AUTOGRAPHS, NEVER!

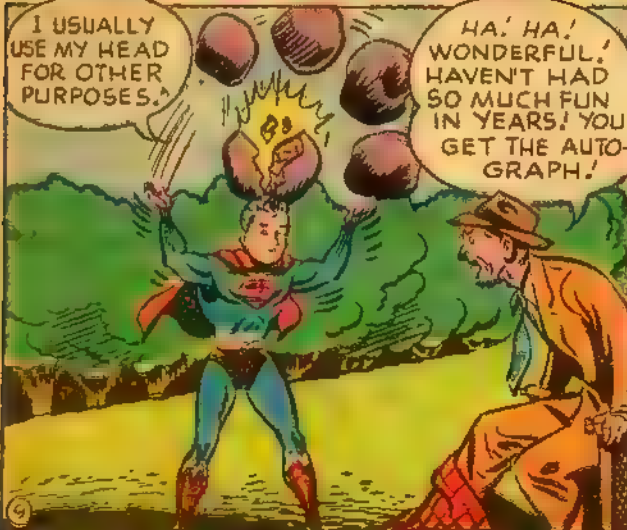


SUPPOSE I PROVE IT TO YOU... LIKE THIS? WOULD YOU GIVE ME AN AUTOGRAPH THEN?



I USUALLY USE MY HEAD FOR OTHER PURPOSES!

HA! HA! WONDERFUL! HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN IN YEARS! YOU GET THE AUTOGRAPH!



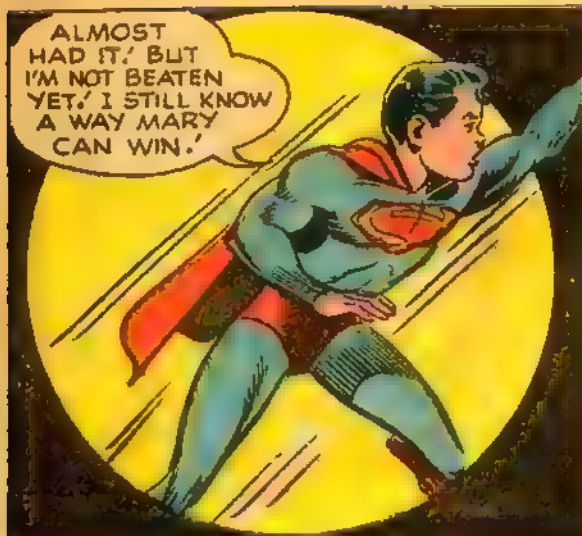
BUT SUDDENLY, A DOCTOR RUSHES FROM THE TYCOON'S MANSION...

SUPERBOY, YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! **MR. CANBY'S** HEART CAN'T STAND SO MUCH EXCITEMENT! YOU'RE GOING INSIDE, **MR. CANBY** - **RIGHT NOW!**

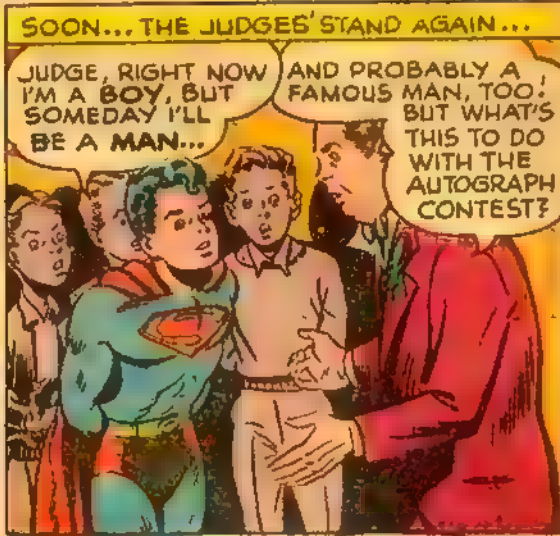


BUT, DOCTOR...

BUT, DOCTOR...



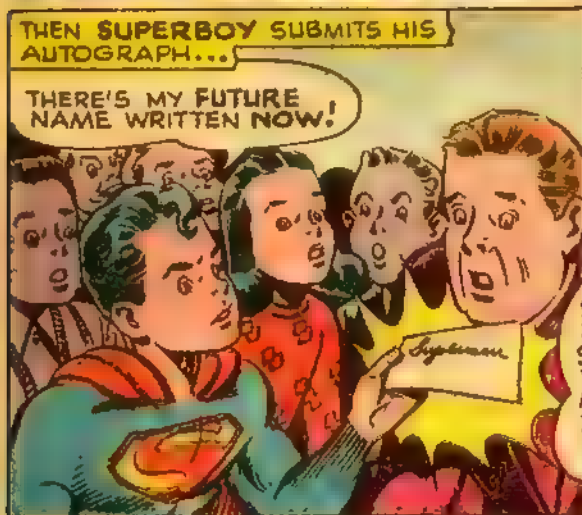
ALMOST HAD IT! BUT I'M NOT BEATEN YET! I STILL KNOW A WAY MARY CAN WIN!



SOON... THE JUDGES' STAND AGAIN...

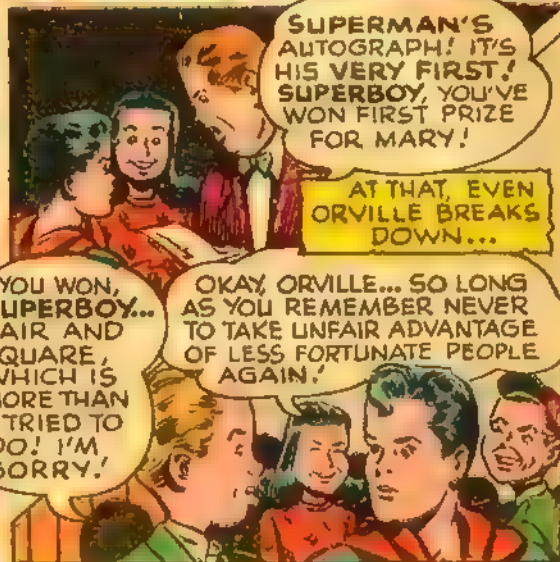
JUDGE, RIGHT NOW I'M A BOY, BUT SOMEDAY I'LL BE A MAN...

AND PROBABLY A FAMOUS MAN, TOO! BUT WHAT'S THIS TO DO WITH THE AUTOGRAPH CONTEST?



THEN SUPERBOY SUBMITS HIS AUTOGRAPH...

THERE'S MY FUTURE NAME WRITTEN NOW!

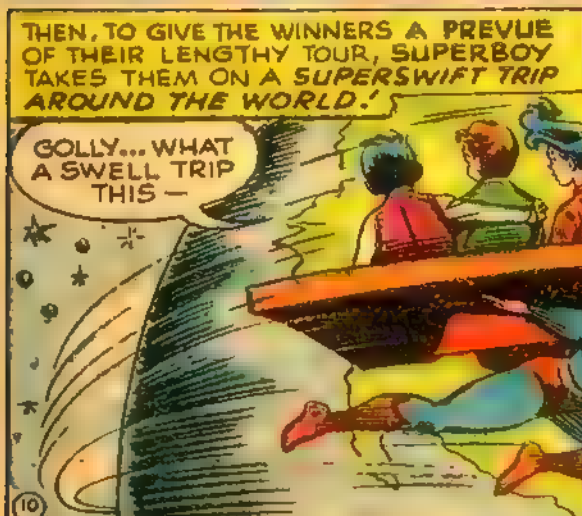


SUPERMAN'S AUTOGRAPH! IT'S HIS VERY FIRST! SUPERBOY, YOU'VE WON FIRST PRIZE FOR MARY!

AT THAT, EVEN ORVILLE BREAKS DOWN...

YOU WON, SUPERBOY... FAIR AND SQUARE, WHICH IS MORE THAN I TRIED TO DO! I'M SORRY!

OKAY, ORVILLE... SO LONG AS YOU REMEMBER NEVER TO TAKE UNFAIR ADVANTAGE OF LESS FORTUNATE PEOPLE AGAIN!



THEN, TO GIVE THE WINNERS A PREVIEW OF THEIR LENGTHY TOUR, SUPERBOY TAKES THEM ON A SUPERSWIFT TRIP AROUND THE WORLD!

GOLLY... WHAT A SWELL TRIP THIS -

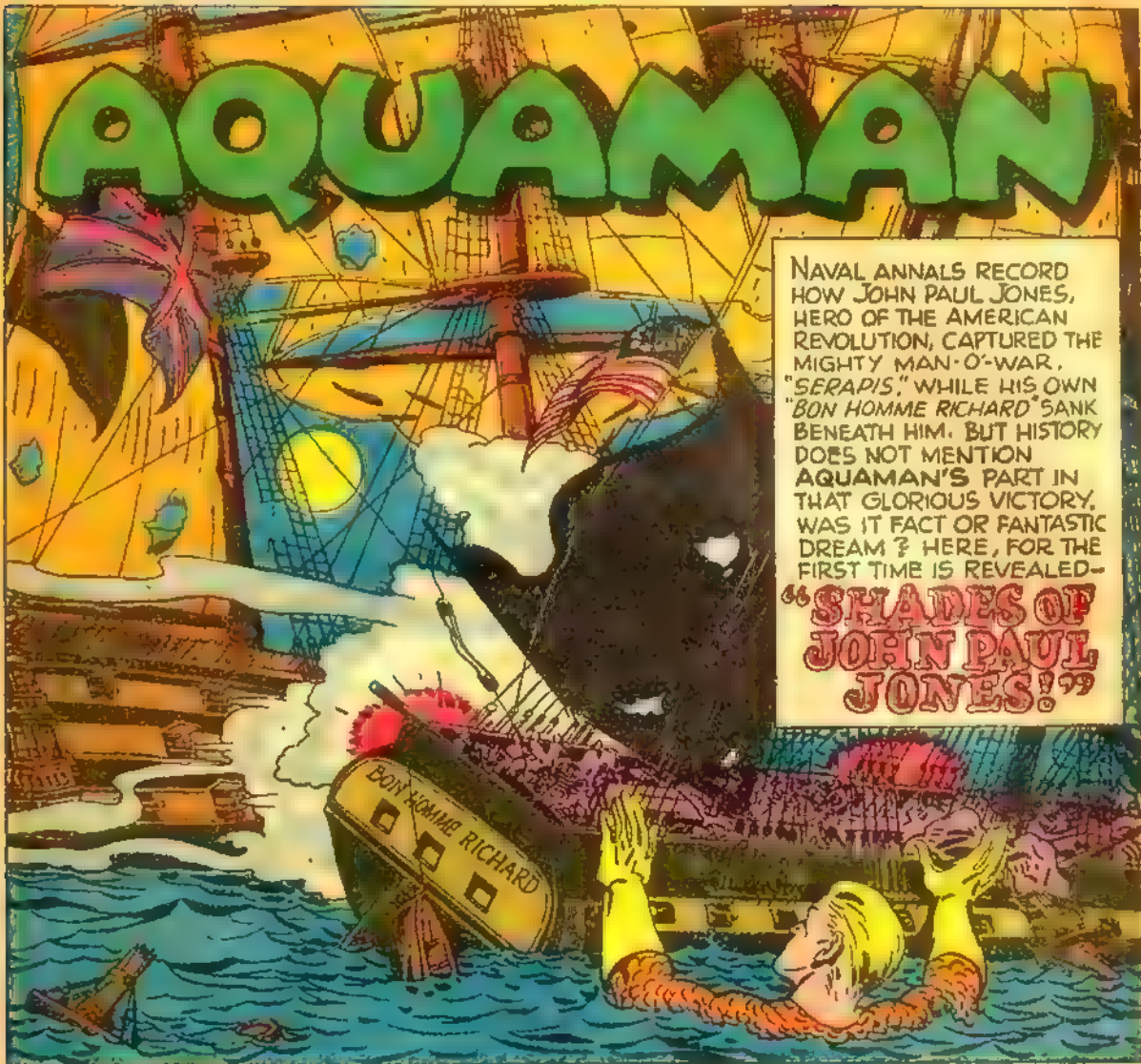
-WAS!



AQUAMAN

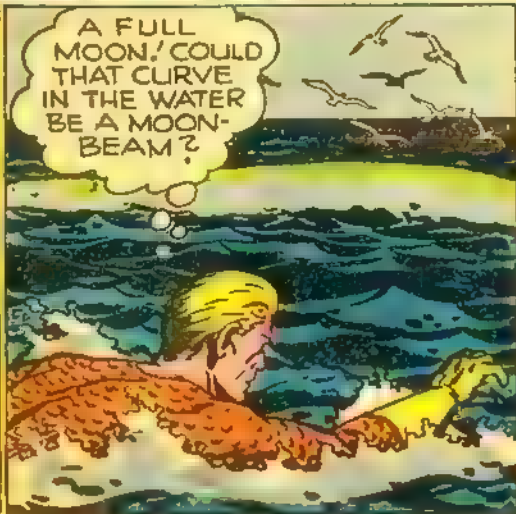
NAVAL ANNALS RECORD HOW JOHN PAUL JONES, HERO OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, CAPTURED THE MIGHTY MAN-O-WAR, "SERAPIS," WHILE HIS OWN "BON HOMME RICHARD" SANK BENEATH HIM. BUT HISTORY DOES NOT MENTION AQUAMAN'S PART IN THAT GLORIOUS VICTORY. WAS IT FACT OR FANTASTIC DREAM? HERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME IS REVEALED—

"SHADES OF JOHN PAUL JONES!"

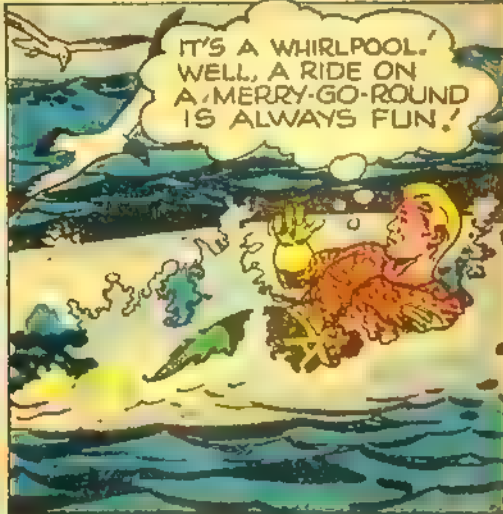


There's
MAGIC
IN THE
MOON-
LIGHT
TONIGHT
AS
AQUAMAN
GOES FOR
A SWIM
OFF THE
COAST
OF
FRANCE
...

A FULL
MOON! COULD
THAT CURVE
IN THE WATER
BE A MOON-
BEAM?



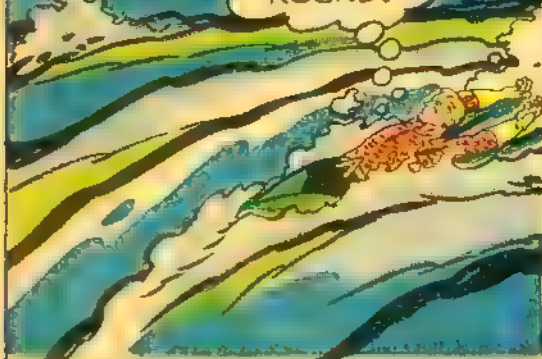
IT'S A WHIRLPOOL!
WELL, A RIDE ON
A MERRY-GO-ROUND
IS ALWAYS FUN!





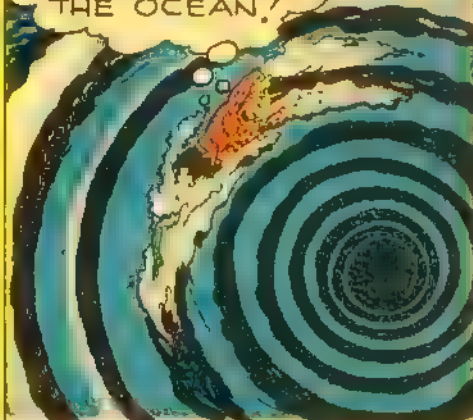
THE WELL OF SWIRLING WATER GROWS DEEPER...

WHEW! THIS IS MORE LIKE A ROLLER COASTER THAN A MERRY-GO-ROUND!



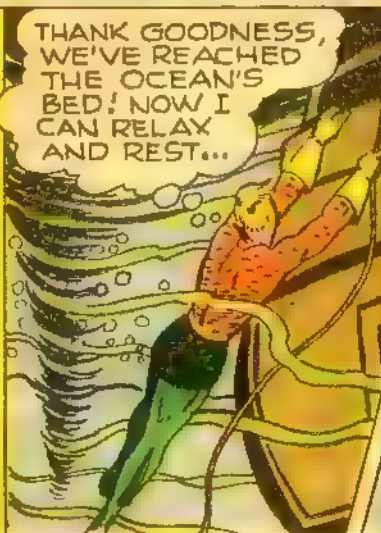
Faster
SPINS THE MAELSTROM! AND THE MONARCH OF THE DEEP IS DRAWN BELOW THE SURFACE.

GALLOPING SEAHORSES! THE BOTTOM'S FALLEN OUT OF THE OCEAN!



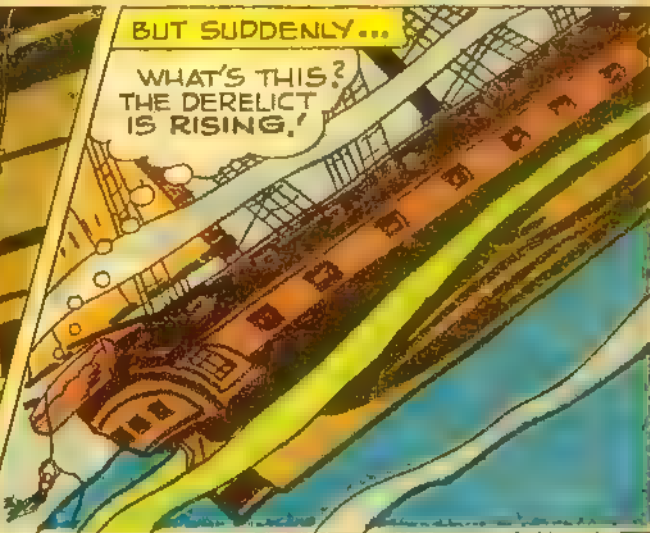
As
THE DIZZY DIVE ENDS, AQUAMAN CLINGS GRIMLY TO THE TAFRAIL OF A SUNKEN SHIP!

THANK GOODNESS, WE'VE REACHED THE OCEAN'S BED! NOW I CAN RELAX AND REST...

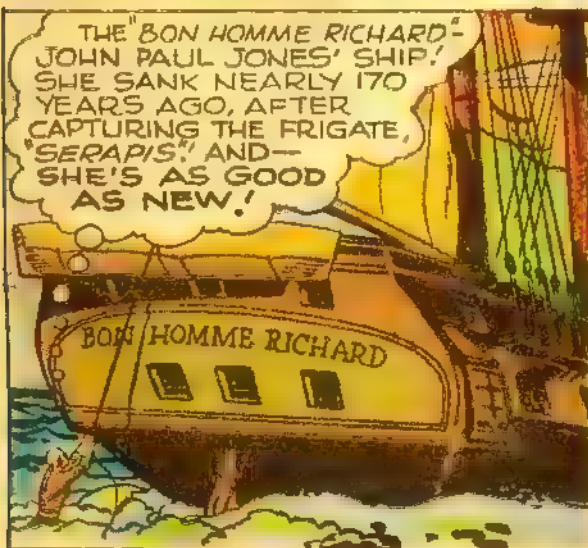


BUT SUDDENLY...

WHAT'S THIS? THE DERELICT IS RISING!

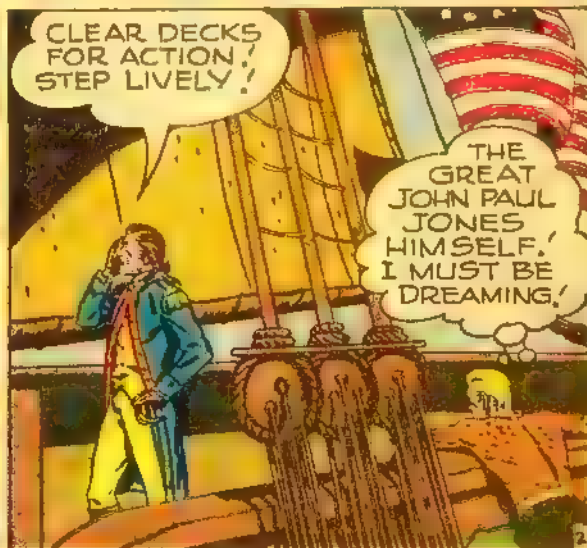


THE "BON HOMME RICHARD"—JOHN PAUL JONES' SHIP! SHE SANK NEARLY 170 YEARS AGO, AFTER CAPTURING THE FRIGATE, "SERAPIS," AND—SHE'S AS GOOD AS NEW!

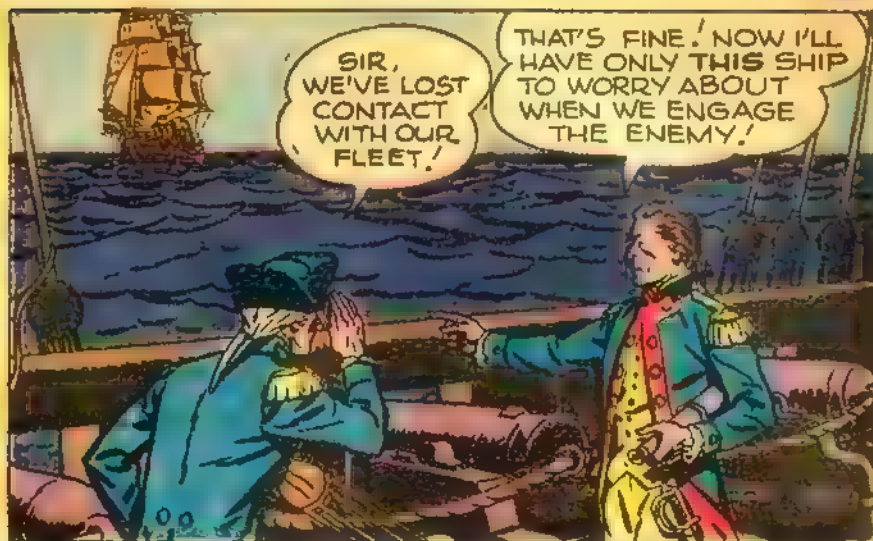


CLEAR DECKS FOR ACTION! STEP LIVELY!

THE GREAT JOHN PAUL JONES HIMSELF! I MUST BE DREAMING!



IS AQUAMAN DREAMING? OR HAS SOME MYSTERIOUS FORCE LIFTED A CURTAIN, GIVING HIM A GLIMPSE INTO A DRAMATIC MOMENT OF THE PAST?... ALL HE KNOWS IS THAT IT APPEARS TO BE STARK REALITY!

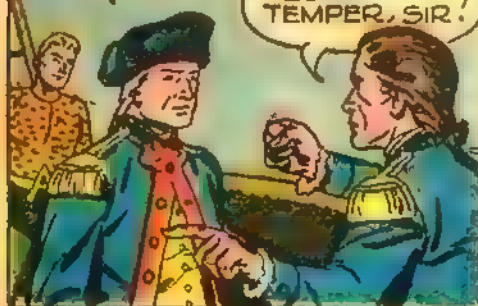


SIR, WE'VE LOST CONTACT WITH OUR FLEET!

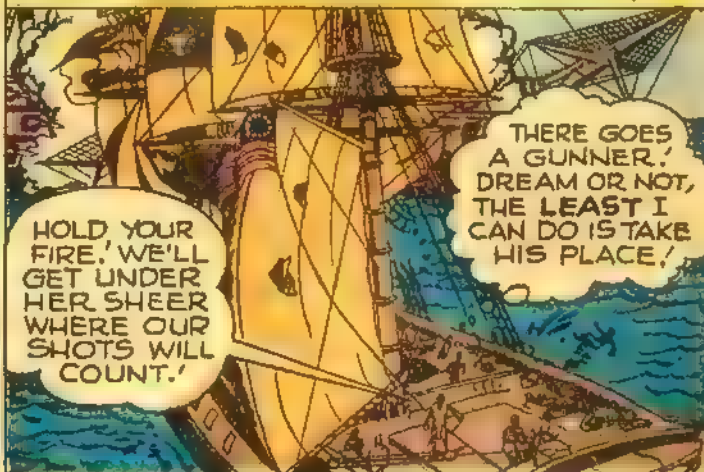
THAT'S FINE! NOW I'LL HAVE ONLY THIS SHIP TO WORRY ABOUT WHEN WE ENGAGE THE ENEMY!

BUT, SIR, THAT'S THE "SERAPIS," THE MOST POWERFUL MAN-O-WAR AFLOAT! HADN'T WE BEST RUN FOR IT?

SINCE WHEN DID MY SHIP SHOW HER HEELS TO A FOE? GET FORWARD BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER, SIR!



LIKE A PYGMY CHALLENGING A GIANT, THE TINY SLOOP MEETS THE TOWERING FRIGATE!

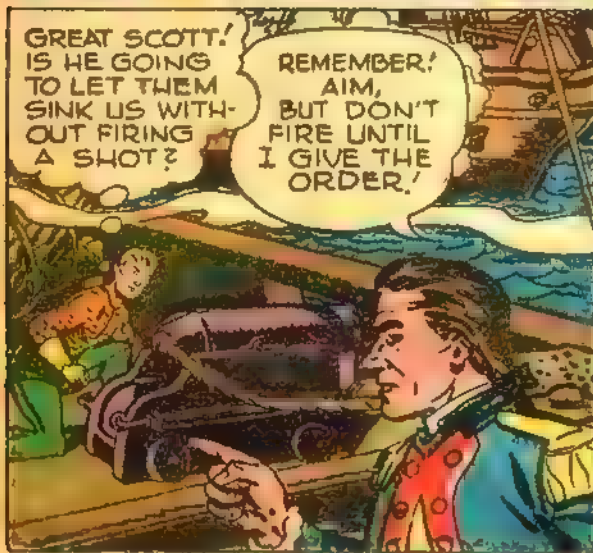


HOLD YOUR FIRE! WE'LL GET UNDER HER SHEER WHERE OUR SHOTS WILL COUNT!

THERE GOES A GUNNER! DREAM OR NOT, THE LEAST I CAN DO IS TAKE HIS PLACE!

GREAT SCOTT! IS HE GOING TO LET THEM SINK US WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT?

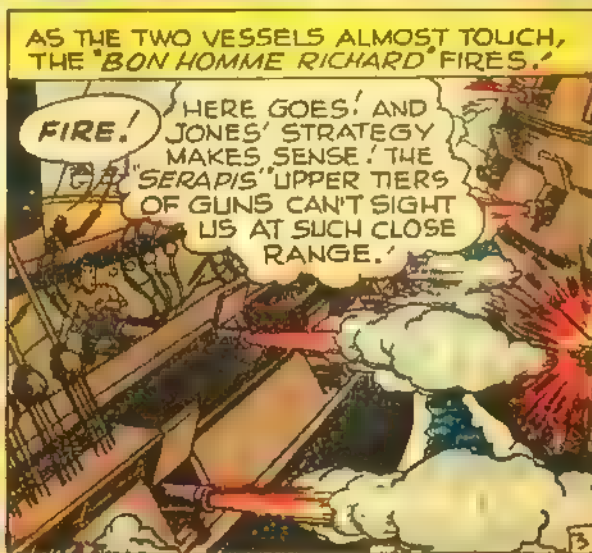
REMEMBER! AIM, BUT DON'T FIRE UNTIL I GIVE THE ORDER!



AS THE TWO VESSELS ALMOST TOUCH, THE "BON HOMME RICHARD" FIRES!

FIRE!

HERE GOES! AND JONES' STRATEGY MAKES SENSE! THE "SERAPIS" UPPER TIERS OF GUNS CAN'T SIGHT US AT SUCH CLOSE RANGE!



THEN THE AMERICAN SHIP SWINGS AROUND UNTIL HER STERN ALMOST RAMS THE OTHER VESSEL!

HELM, HARD OVER! PORT BROADSIDE TO BEAR!

IT TAKES NERVES OF IRON TO FIGHT THESE SLUGGISH SHIPS! AND JOHN PAUL JONES HAS THEM!



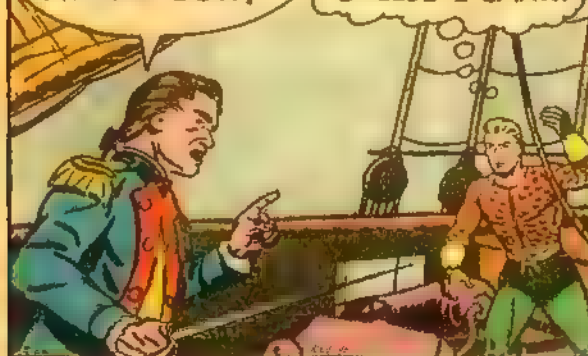
THE BIG SHIP IS TAKING MORE PUNISHMENT THAN WE ARE, BUT A BIG SHIP CAN ABSORB MORE!



BUT SUDDENLY, JOHN PAUL JONES' PHENOMENAL LUCK SEEMS ABOUT TO RUN OUT...

CUT AWAY THAT TANGLED RIGGING AT THE BOW!

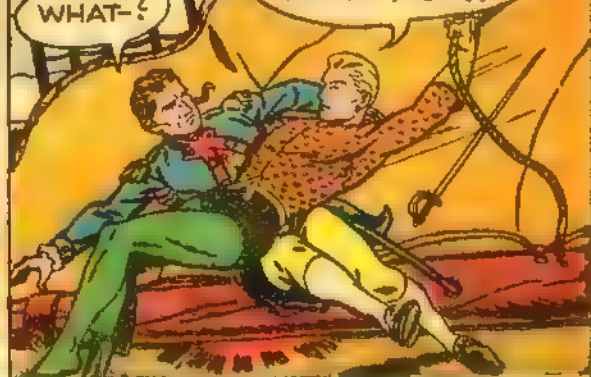
HUH-? THAT FALLING MAST WILL CRUSH HIM—UNLESS I CAN...



OR—WAIT! IS FATE REACHING INTO THE FUTURE TO GIVE THE GALLANT SEA-FIGHTER AN EXTRA STROKE OF LUCK? LOOK...

WHAT-?

SORRY TO BE SO ABRUPT, SIR!



THEN JOHN PAUL JONES SEES AQUAMAN FOR THE FIRST TIME!

YOU SAVED MY LIFE! BUT—YOU'RE NOT ONE OF MY CREW!

IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN...

WE'RE SINKING! SHALL WE SURRENDER, SIR?



SINKING? AYE, WE MAY SINK, AND WE MAY DIE—BUT WE WON'T SURRENDER!

THE "BOW HOMME RICHARD" MUST STAY AFLOAT FOR A WHILE—OR MAKE A LIAR OUT OF HISTORY! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO BELOW!

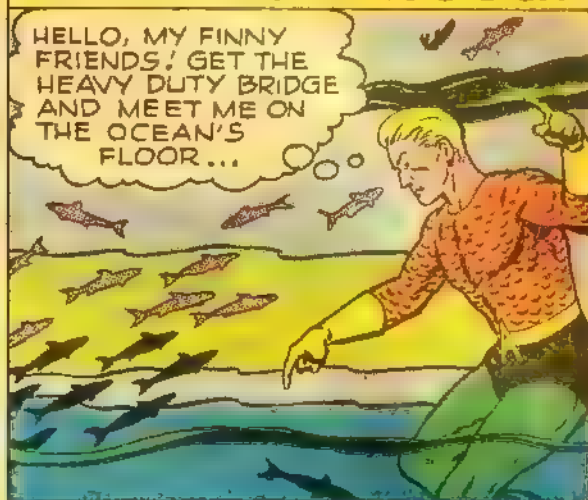




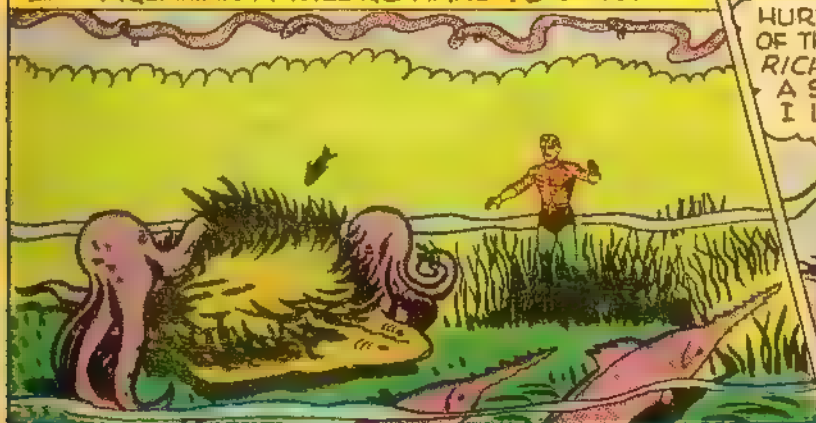
DOWN, DOWN INTO THE SEA'S DEPTHS
PLUNGES **AQUAMAN...**



AQUAMAN SENDS OUT HIS S.O.S....

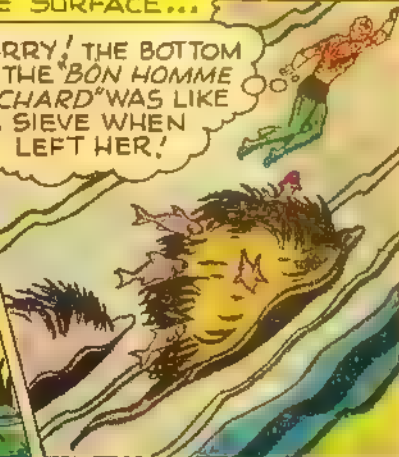


SHORTLY, A FRENZIED HARVESTING OF SEAWEED!
AS ELECTRIC EELS LIGHT THE SCENE, SWORDFISH
CUT THE GRASS, OCTOPI GATHER IT UP... ALL
LEND **AQUAMAN** A WILLING HAND—OR FIN!

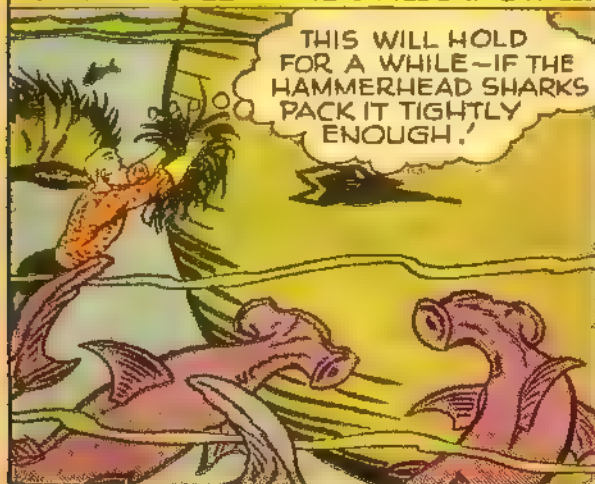


THEN **AQUAMAN'S** LOYAL FRIENDS
CARRY THE SOGGY WEEDS TO
THE SURFACE...

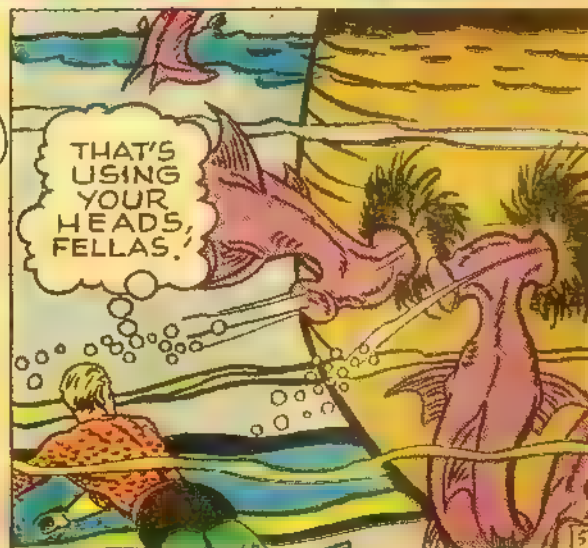
HURRY! THE BOTTOM
OF THE "BON HOMME
RICHARD" WAS LIKE
A SIEVE WHEN
I LEFT HER!



AND THE WEED IS PACKED INTO THE
GAPING HOLES IN THE LITTLE SHIP'S HULL!



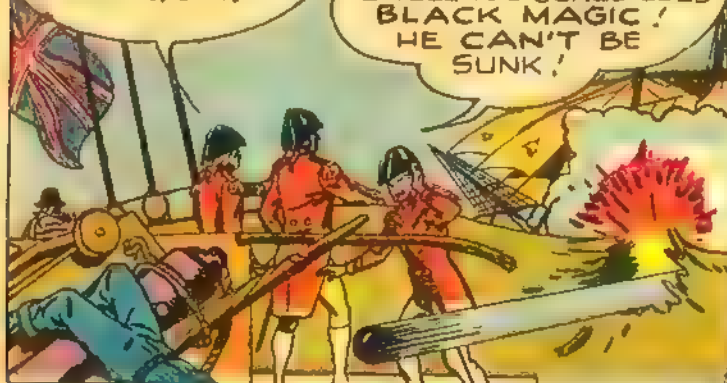
THAT'S
USING
YOUR
HEADS,
FELLAS!



MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE "SERAPIS," AS THE BATTLE RAGES...

THE YANKEE TUB CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER, SIR!

BAH! AN HOUR AGO SHE WAS SINKING, NOW SHE'S SOLID AS A ROCK! I TELL YOU JONES USES BLACK MAGIC! HE CAN'T BE SUNK!



TWO-THIRDS OF OUR GUNS ARE KNOCKED OUT, SIR. AND THE MEN ARE LOSING HEART!

MY SHIP SHOULD BEAT THE YANKEE— BUT FATE'S AGAINST US! IT WILL RUIN ME— BUT FOR THE SAKE OF MY MEN, I MUST STRIKE MY FLAG!



And so, ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS BATTLES IN NAVAL HISTORY ENDS INCREDIBLY IN VICTORY FOR AN INFANT NATION!

YOU'VE GIVEN US MORE THAN WE CAN TAKE, SIR! I ASK QUARTER FOR MY MEN!

THEY'VE FOUGHT WELL, AND AS MY PRISONERS THEY'LL BE TREATED WELL! I'LL BOARD YOU TO TAKE COMMAND!



SO JOHN PAUL JONES BECOMES MASTER OF THE "SERAPIS"...

ARE YOU A MAN OR A WIZARD, CAPTAIN JONES— MAKING A WORN-OUT SHIP BEHAVE LIKE A FLEET OF FRIGATES?

CREDIT FATE, LUCK, AND MY STUBBORN STREAK, SIR!



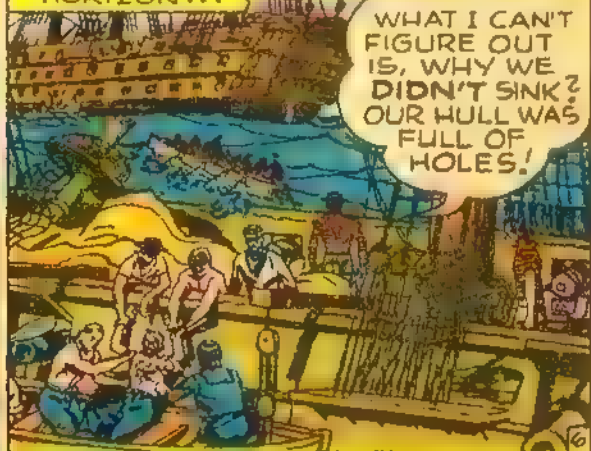
A CHEER RINGS OUT FROM THE VICTORS AS A BRAVE NEW FLAG APPEARS AT THE MASTHEAD OF THE "SERAPIS"!

HOORAY-Y-Y!



THEN, AS DAWN SHOWS ON THE HORIZON...

WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT IS, WHY WE DIDN'T SINK? OUR HULL WAS FULL OF HOLES!

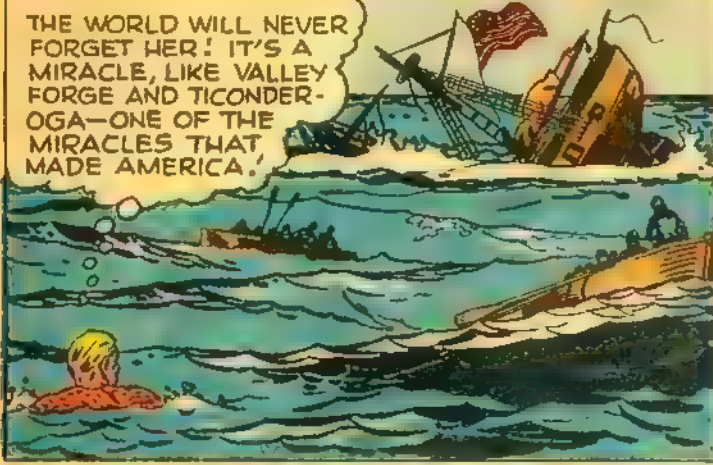


BUT ONLY AQUAMAN KNOWS THE ANSWER!



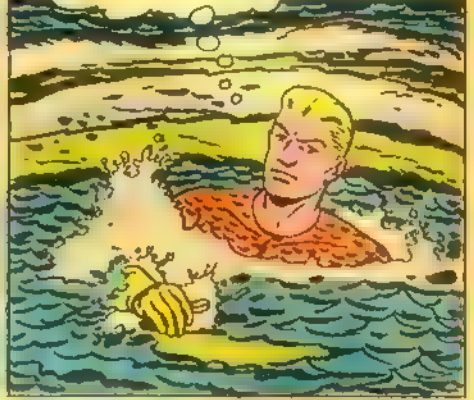
THEN THE GALLANT OLD SHIP THAT WON A GLORIOUS VICTORY PAYS FOR IT WITH HER LIFE!

THE WORLD WILL NEVER FORGET HER! IT'S A MIRACLE, LIKE VALLEY FORGE AND TICONDEROGA—ONE OF THE MIRACLES THAT MADE AMERICA!

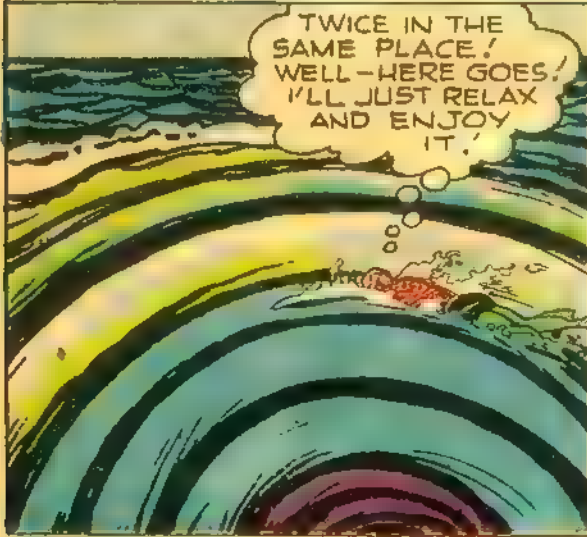


AND AS A WHIRLPOOL RISES OVER HER GRAVE...

HUH? ANOTHER WHIRLPOOL!

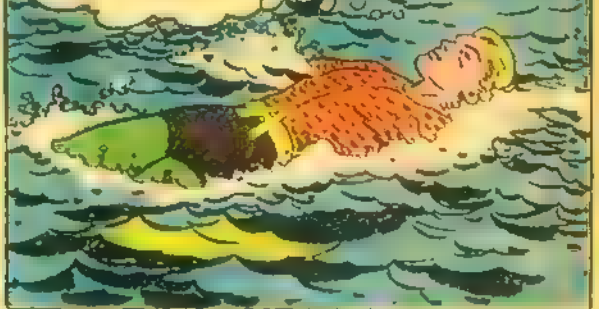


TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE! WELL—HERE GOES! I'LL JUST RELAX AND ENJOY IT!

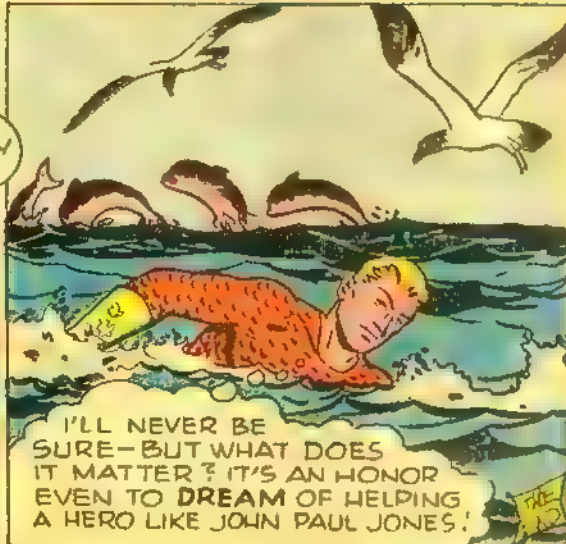
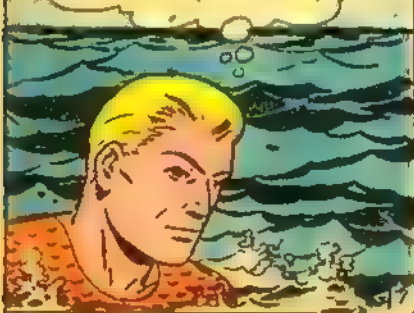


WHEN THE VORTEX SUBSIDES...

WHEW! THAT'S AS NERVE-SHATTERING AS THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "SERAPIS" AND THE "BON HOMME RICHARD"!



AND SPEAKING OF THAT BATTLE—WAS IT REAL? OR WAS IT A DREAM? DID I JOURNEY BACKWARD THROUGH TIME? DID I, **AQUAMAN**, ACTUALLY HELP WIN ONE OF THE GREATEST BATTLES OF ALL TIME?



I'LL NEVER BE SURE—BUT WHAT DOES IT MATTER? IT'S AN HONOR EVEN TO DREAM OF HELPING A HERO LIKE JOHN PAUL JONES!

Get IN THE SWIM WITH OTHER ACTIONFUL HEROES!

Read **STAR SPANGLED COMICS**

Every Month!

WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKED

By Henry Lysing

DETECTIVE CLEM SANFORD was beginning to figure that this would be one of those cases where everything went wrong.

At least, it had a good start in that direction. When the chief told him to rush out to the home of George Windel, in the rather swanky Northside, he got tangled up in a traffic jam caused by a fire on the Drive, and had a ten-block detour to contend with. Then, when he finally reached the house and jabbed the doorbell, he waited for five minutes before one of the officers in the living room saw him standing at the door and came to open it. It never occurred to Clem, in his present mood, that the bell might have been out of order.

When he got inside, however, it looked a little better. The case seemed simple enough, with two suspects already in hand.

George Windel, the city's leading real estate promoter, was dead in his study. A bullet had pierced his heart as he sat in his fireside chair.

"Here's his partner, Stan West," Lieutenant Becker told Clem. "We got him here just a few minutes after we arrived, following the phone call we received that shots were heard coming from this house. He says he was coming over to talk about a business deal they had pending."

"That's the truth," Stan West told Detective Sanford. "I've got papers in my briefcase here to complete others you'll find in George's desk. What's more, my secretary will testify that I had an appointment here tonight, and so will George's girl, for that

matter. We had a session here last night, on the same business deal."

"What time was your appointment?" Clem asked.

"Eight o'clock; and George always insisted on promptness, so I was here exactly at eight."

"Is that right, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, Clem, it is. One of our cars pulled into the drive at eight o'clock, and Mr. West was just reaching for the doorbell when they saw him."

"That sounds good enough, Mr. West," Clem told him. "We can check your statements easily. Just stay with us a while until we check the other things. Who's next?"

"If you don't mind my speaking up, I am," a very annoyed and dignified individual murmured. "I'm George Windel's neighbor. I came over here when I thought I heard a shot, and just because I was cutting through the gardens, instead of coming in by way of the drive, these eager stalwarts of the law seem to think that I should be classed as a suspect."

"Well, don't get yourself too upset, Mr. Ryan—I believe that's who you are," Detective Sanford soothed the man. "Being on the grounds is reason enough for suspicion, but suspicion isn't proof, you know. Your servants can probably testify to your being at home, and maybe even to the time you started here, so that should clear you."

"Indeed my servants can, as I tried to tell these officers of yours," Mr. Ryan spoke a bit more cordially. "In fact, my cook saw me out the kitchen door, and probably watched me go all the way, since I told him I had heard a shot."

Clem began to study the room and the body to see what clues he could pick up, when the phone rang. The call was from Bill Jamison, playboy nephew of the dead man. His shock at being told the news of his uncle's death was profound. He'd been away from town for a week, he said, and just got back to his apartment when he made the call. He said he would rush right over to see if he could be of any help.

To which news Stan West commented that the nephew wouldn't be of much help.

"Why not?" asked Clem.

"Well," West explained, "Bill and George never did get along too well. George more or less controlled the trust fund which Bill used to finance his playboy goings on, so George naturally tried to keep him in line. But they didn't see too much of each other."

"Then why should he call as soon as he gets back to town?" Clem wondered.

Almost before Clem had turned this thought over in his mind completely, came the sound of a car speeding up the driveway. It was Bill Jamison's convertible.

"I'll go let him in," Clem told the boys as he headed for the front door. But before Clem reached it, Jamison's fist was banging on the door loudly.

"Take it easy, man," Clem told him as he opened the door. "Don't bust down the door; use the doorbell, that's what it's for."

"The bell doesn't work," Jamison said. "Where's Uncle George? Who did it?"

Clem led Jamison to the study, where Stan West and Michael Ryan were still seated. For fully a minute he stood in the center of the room, struck by a sudden thought. Then he turned to West.

"You said you had a meeting with George Windel here last night. When you called, who answered the bell?"

"His butler did. But the butler is usually off duty today, and goes to his brother's family on a farm about twenty miles from here."

"Well, gentlemen," said Clem, "I think we've got the man who did this job. The real reason behind it, we'll learn without too much trouble, because the murderer made the usual slip."

"Who is it?" Jamison almost screamed. "I can't say that I got along too well with my uncle, but just the same, I'd like to lay my hands on the rat who did this."

"You would?" Clem's question was soft; extremely soft. "Then lay them on yourself, Jamison, because you're the man!"

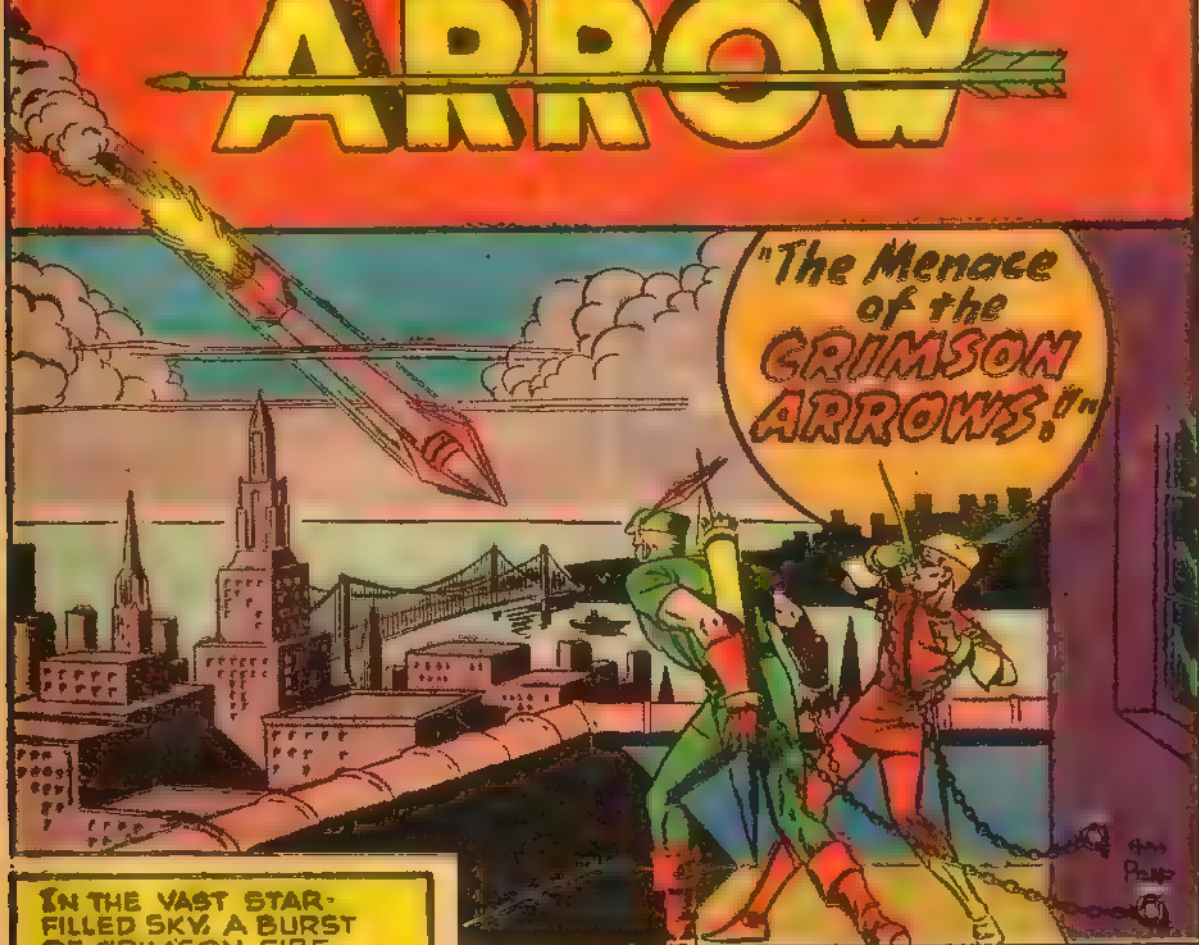
"I? Why, I just got back to town. I've been away for a week. I can prove I was away: I can prove I wasn't even near this house—"

"Maybe you can and maybe you can't, fellow. But first you'll have to prove to me," and Clem's smile was tantalizing, "how, having been away for a week, you knew that the doorbell was out of order! It worked last night, when Mr. West was here, but it didn't work tonight. So you must have been here earlier, to kill your uncle."

"You probably have an alibi all set, but it won't hold. You rushed back from your trip a bit sooner, had an argument with your uncle, killed him, and then called the cops to make sure they'd discover the murder early enough to give you an alibi."

"I don't know why you killed your uncle—yet. But with the trust fund arrangement, the chances are you wanted more money faster than he would give it to you. Whatever the reason, it will mean your finish, because when you knocked on that door instead of pushing the bell, which any one but the killer would have done, you just got yourself a ticket to the chair."

THE GREEN ARROW



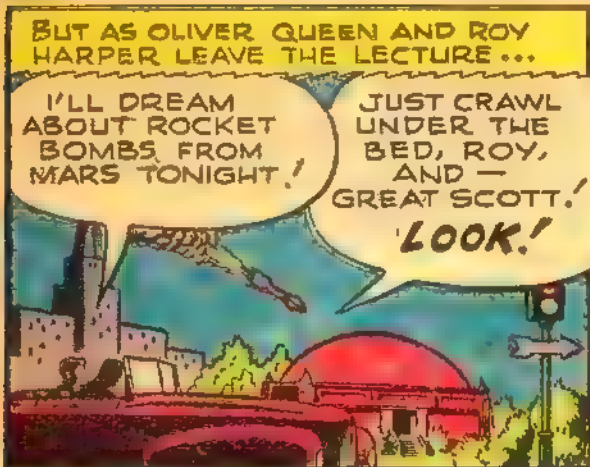
IN THE VAST STAR-FILLED SKY, A BURST OF CRIMSON FIRE STREAKS OUT OF A PLANET AND HITS ANOTHER SPINNING WORLD, THOUSANDS OF LIGHT YEARS AWAY!



YES, IT'S A WAR BETWEEN PLANETS, BUT, LUCKILY IT'S JUST AN IMAGINARY ONE STAGED IN A GREAT PLANETARIUM!

SO MAN, IN HIS GREED AND FOLLY, MAY SOME DAY FIND HIS SUICIDAL WEAPONS BLASTING APART THE VERY UNIVERSE ITSELF!

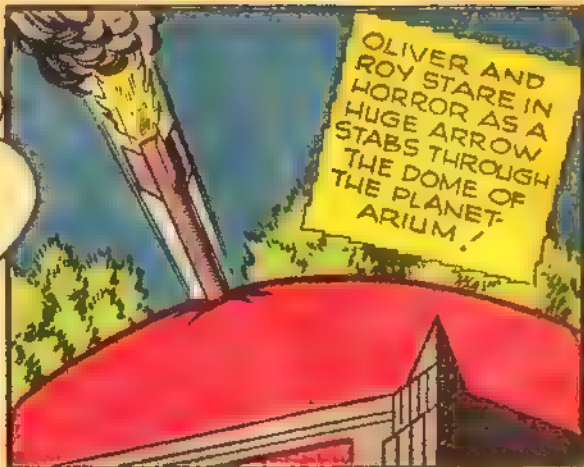




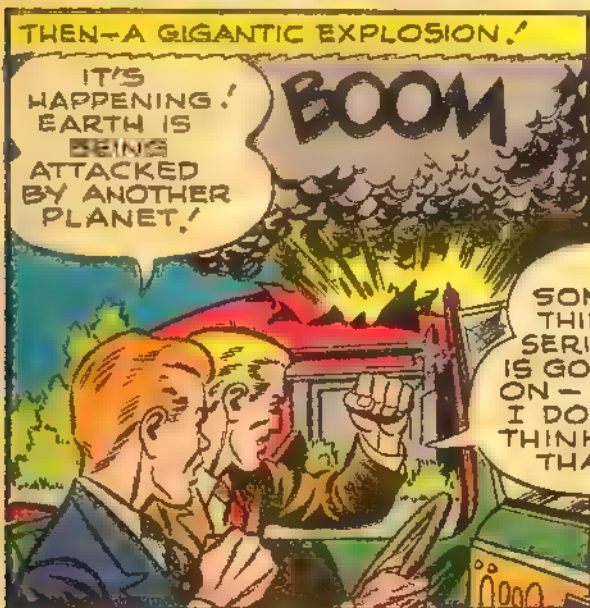
BUT AS OLIVER QUEEN AND ROY HARPER LEAVE THE LECTURE...

I'LL DREAM ABOUT ROCKET BOMBS FROM MARS TONIGHT!

JUST CRAWL UNDER THE BED, ROY, AND — GREAT SCOTT! LOOK!



OLIVER AND ROY STARE IN HORROR AS A HUGE ARROW STABS THROUGH THE DOME OF THE PLANETARIUM!



THEN—A GIGANTIC EXPLOSION!

IT'S HAPPENING! EARTH IS BEING ATTACKED BY ANOTHER PLANET!

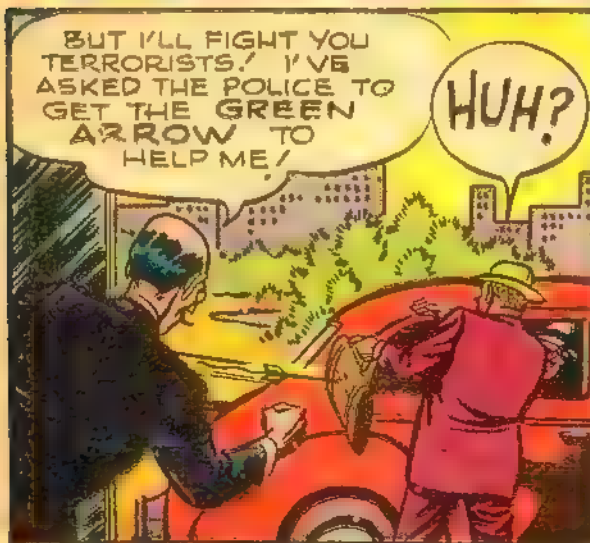
BOOM

SOME-THING SERIOUS IS GOING ON — BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S THAT!



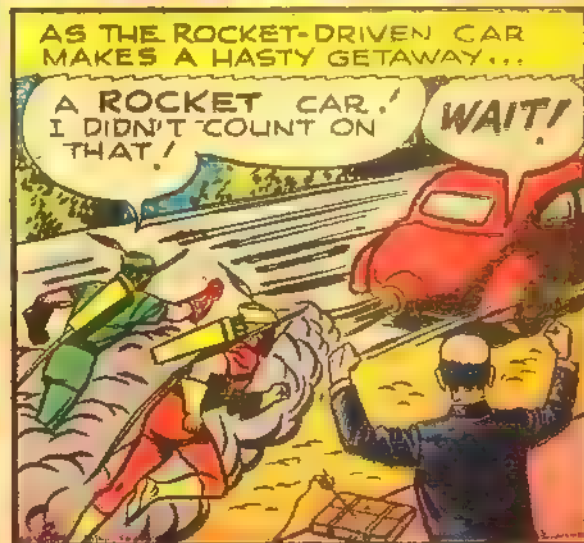
NEXT DAY, AFTER THE NIGHT OF TERROR — IN A SWANK JEWELRY STORE...

I'M GLAD OUR FIREWORKS DISPLAY SOLD YOU ON OUR PROTECTION PLAN, LA FONT!



BUT I'LL FIGHT YOU TERRORISTS! I'VE ASKED THE POLICE TO GET THE GREEN ARROW TO HELP ME!

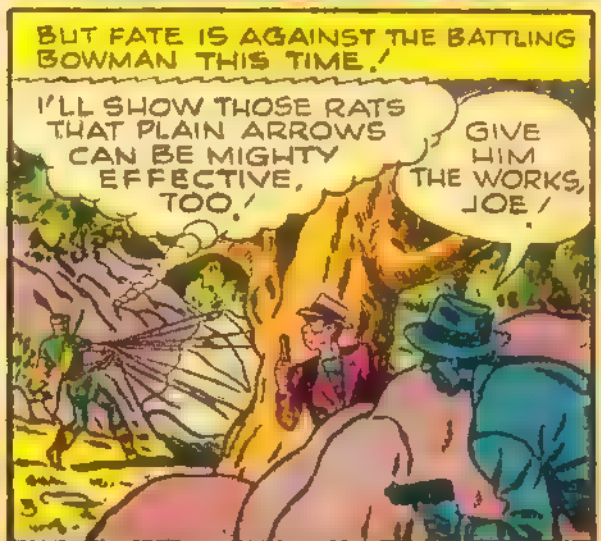
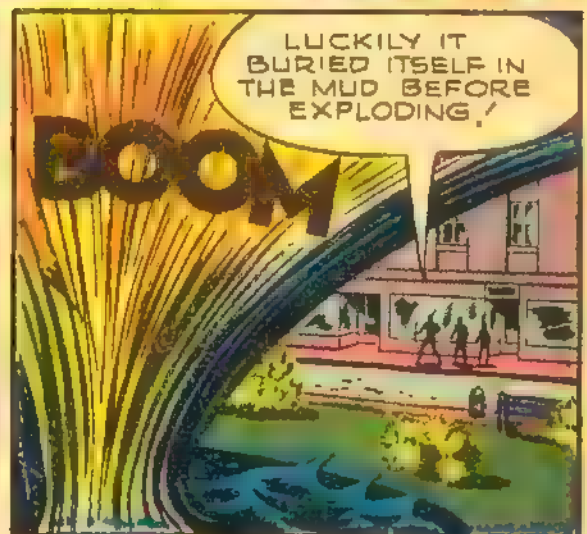
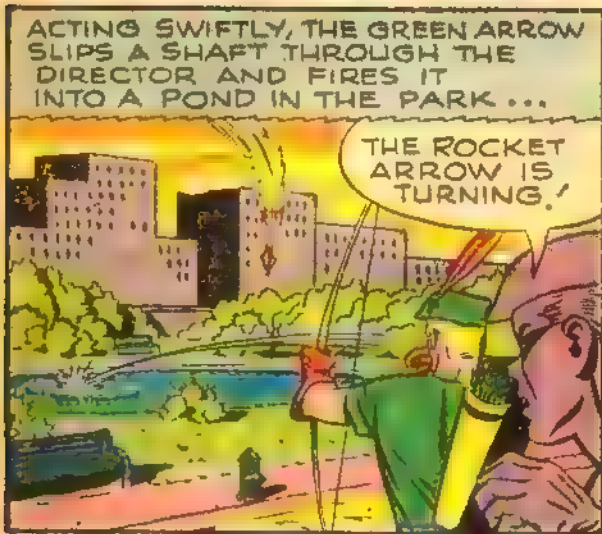
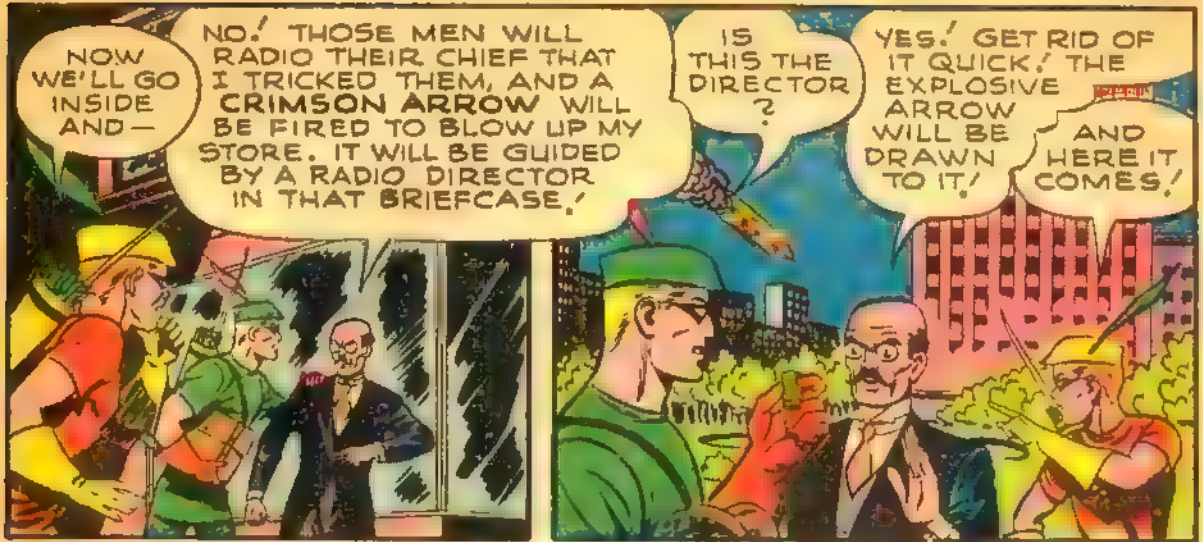
HUH?



AS THE ROCKET-DRIVEN CAR MAKES A HASTY GETAWAY...

A ROCKET CAR! I DIDN'T COUNT ON THAT!

WAIT!





OKAY, GREEN ARROW—
TAKE YOUR CHOICE.
DO YOU GO
WITH US
ALIVE
OR
DEAD?

HUH-?
I GUESS
I'LL GO
ALONG
ALIVE—AND
GET YOU LUGS
LATER..!

DEEP IN A HIDDEN VALLEY, GIANT MISSILES
LIE ON LAUNCHING RAMPS, AWAITING THE
RADIO IMPULSE THAT WILL START THEIR
FLIGHTS OF DESTRUCTION...

LOOK
WHAT
WE GOT,
BOSS.

SO YOU
GOT NOSEY
GREEN
ARROW!

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO SEE US
LAUNCH A ROCKET AT THE
MAGNAFIX THEATER WHOSE
OWNER REFUSES OUR
DEMANDS FOR A SHARE
IN HIS PROFITS.

YOU
MURDERING
RAT—YOU'LL
KILL THOUSANDS
OF PEOPLE!

I WARNED
HIM, I SHALL
GIVE HIM
THE WORKS,
BOSS?

NOT YET! I
WANT HIM TO
SEE THE SHOW!
THROW HIM
IN THE HUT—
BUT LEAVE HIS
BOW OUTSIDE.

MEANWHILE, SPEEDY LANDS
THE ARROWPLANE...

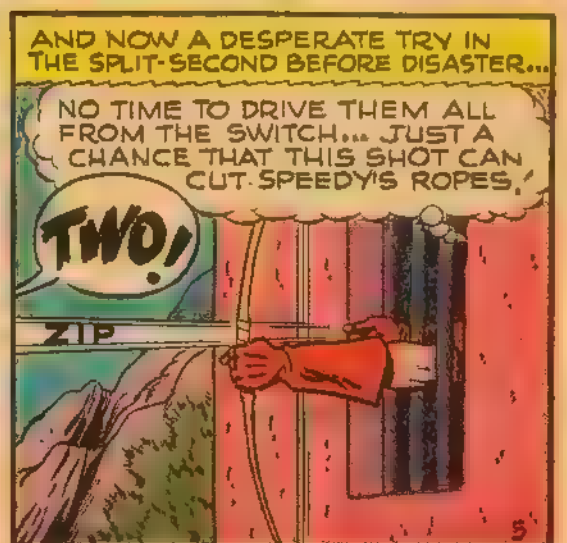
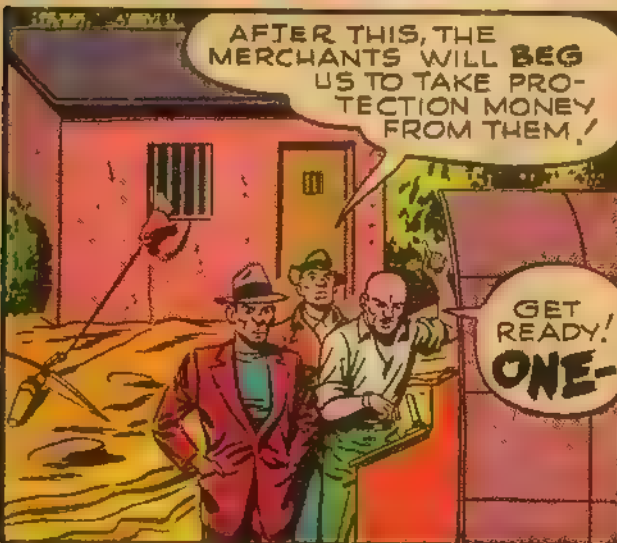
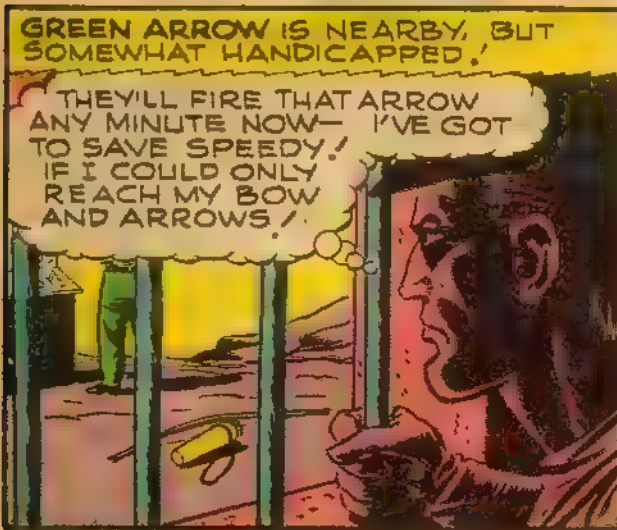
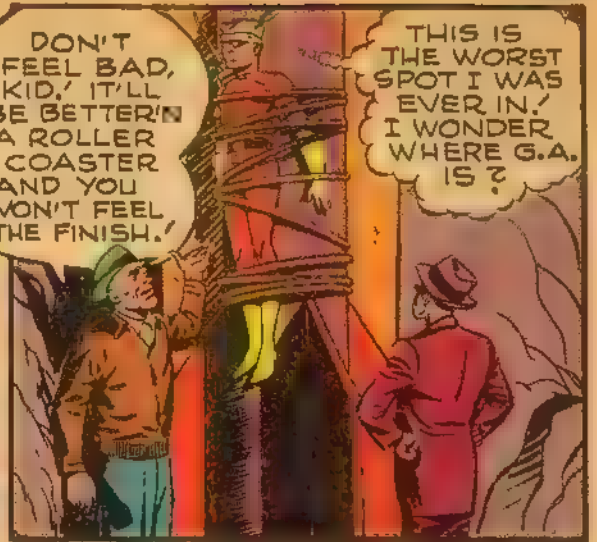
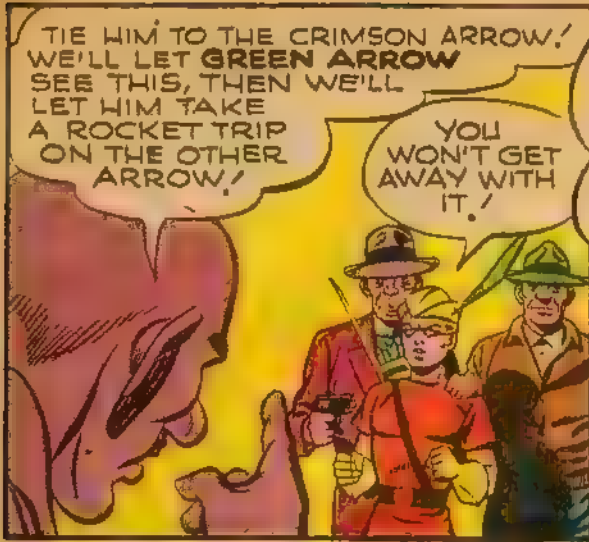
NOT
MUCH OF A
LANDING STRIP, BUT
IT'S HANDY AND I'M
IN A HURRY!

BUT FATE SNUBS SPEEDY ALSO!

THIS IS THE
PLACE! NOW TO
FIND...

HEY!

WE FIGURED
YOU WOULDN'T
BE FAR BEHIND
YOUR PAL, SO
WE WAITED.



— AND FAILURE AGAIN!

THREE!

TOO LATE!
SPEEDY, THE
BRAVEST PAL A
MAN EVER HAD,
GONE... BUT
THE PEOPLE IN
THE MAGNAFIX
THEATER... I MAY
BE ABLE TO
SAVE THEM!

ONE OF
THOSE RADIO
DIRECTORS
WILL BE IN THE
THEATER TO
GUIDE THE ROCKET—
BUT TWO OF THEM
PULLING FROM
ANOTHER DIRECTION
OUGHT TO CHANGE
ITS COURSE!

AN ARROWLINE
STREAKS TOWARDS
THE CONTROL
PANEL...

A TRICKY SHOT... BUT IF
I CAN GET THIS ARROW-
LOOP OVER THE POINT OF
THE OTHER ROCKET-ARROW
STILL ON THE LAUNCHING
RAMP—

DID IT! NOW
TO THROW THE
FIRING SWITCH!

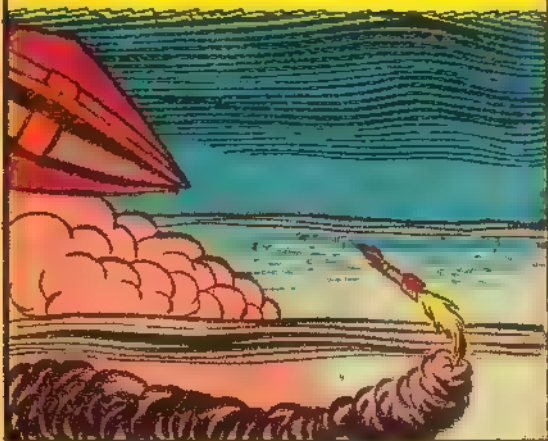
A FLASH— A ROAR—
AND A SECOND
MONSTROUS ARROW
ROCKETS SKYWARD...

HUH?

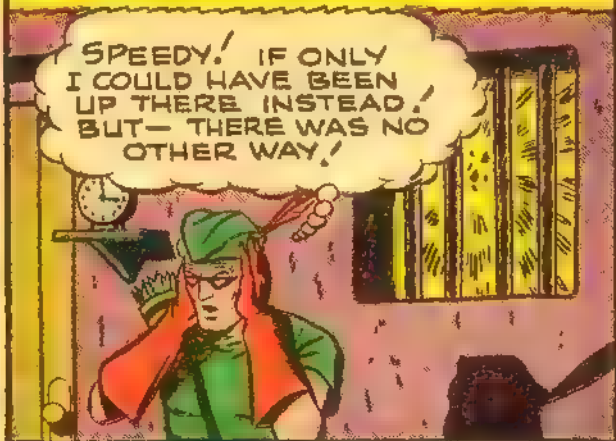
GREEN
ARROW!
HE'LL DIE
FOR THIS!

HIGH OVER THE CITY, A RACING
ROCKET WAVERS— THEN CHANGES
ITS COURSE!

THEN TWO GREAT ENGINES OF DESTRUCTION RUSH TOWARD EACH OTHER...



... AND CRASH IN A CLOUD-SHATTERING EXPLOSION WHICH HARMS NO ONE.



SPEEDY! IF ONLY I COULD HAVE BEEN UP THERE INSTEAD! BUT— THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY!

THEN THE THUGS TURN ANGRILY ON THEIR PRISONER...

THAT NOSEY MEDDLER! THIS WILL FIX HIM...

YOU GOT HIM, BOSS. I SAW HIM FALL!



HE'S A GONER, ALL RIGHT! WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM OR THE KID ANY MORE!

BUT IT'LL TAKE US DAYS TO SET UP MORE CRIMSON ARROWS!

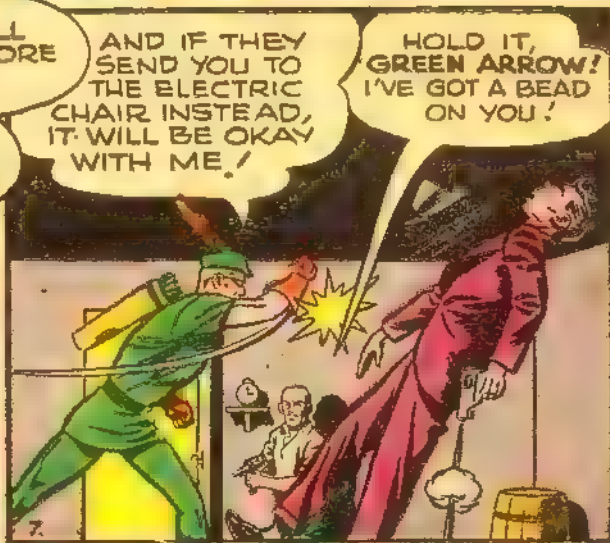


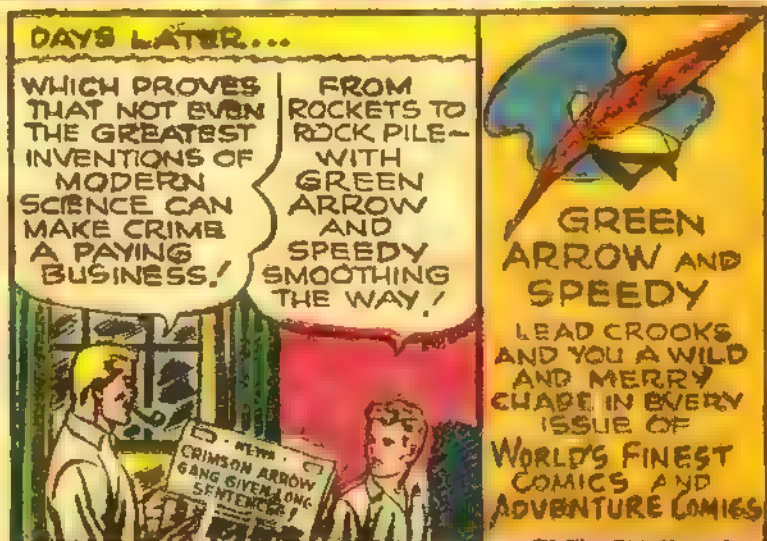
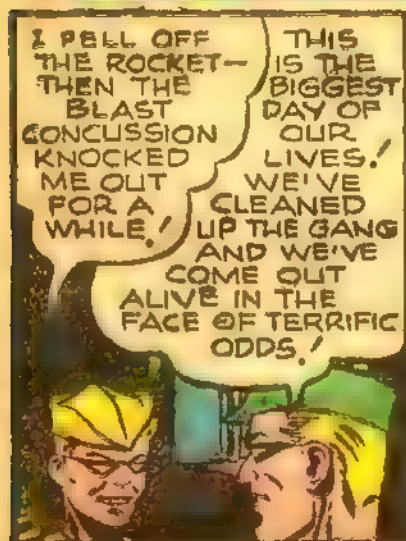
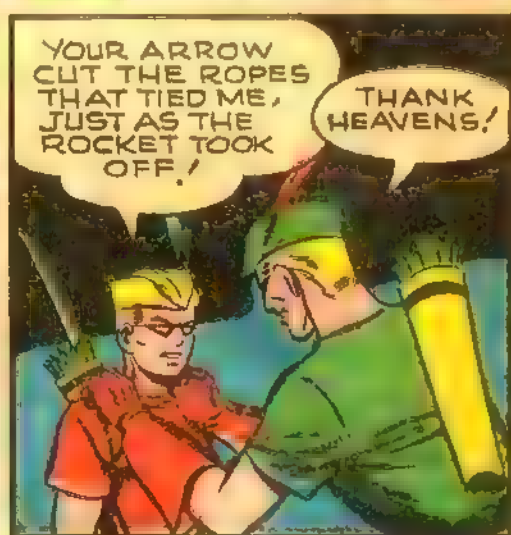
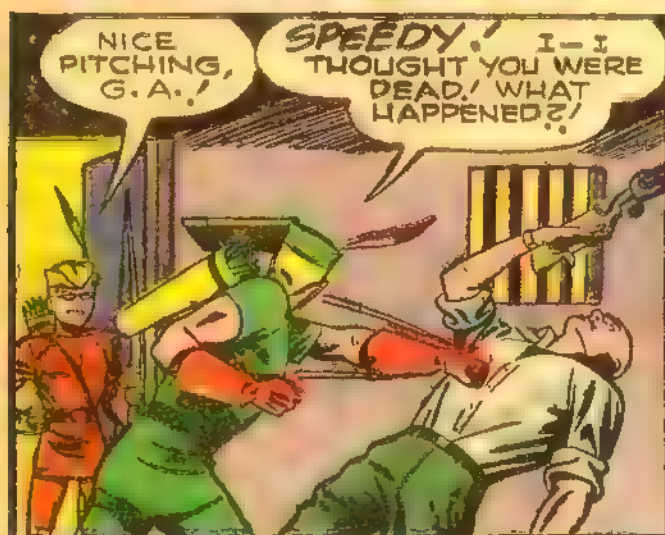
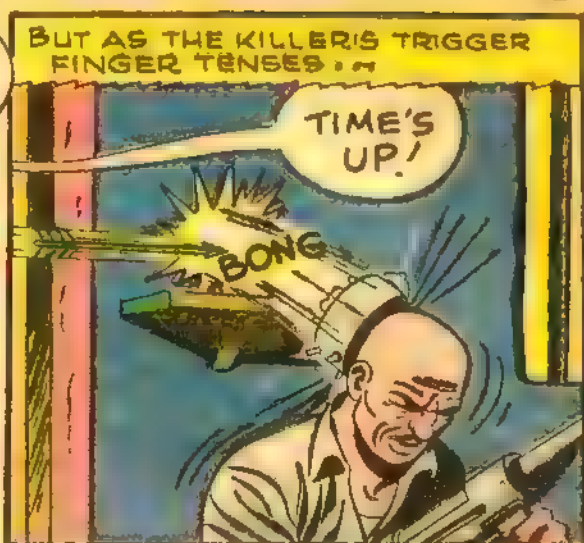
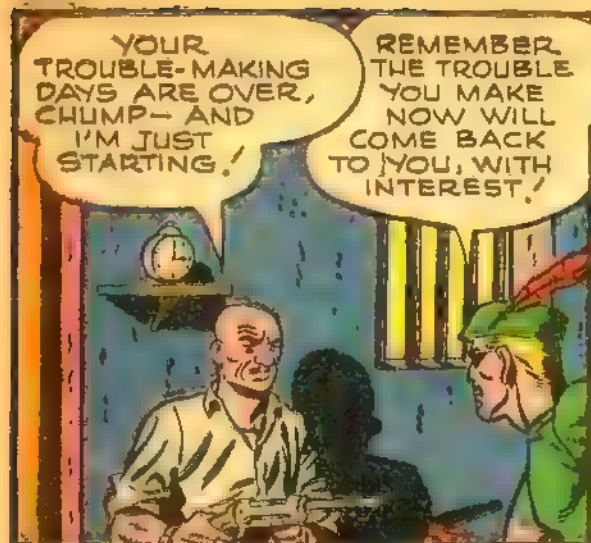
YOU MEAN IT WILL TAKE YOU YEARS, RATS! IT WILL BE 20 AT LEAST BEFORE THEY LET YOU OUT!

GET HIM!

AND IF THEY SEND YOU TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR INSTEAD, IT WILL BE OKAY WITH ME!

HOLD IT, GREEN ARROW! I'VE GOT A BEAD ON YOU!

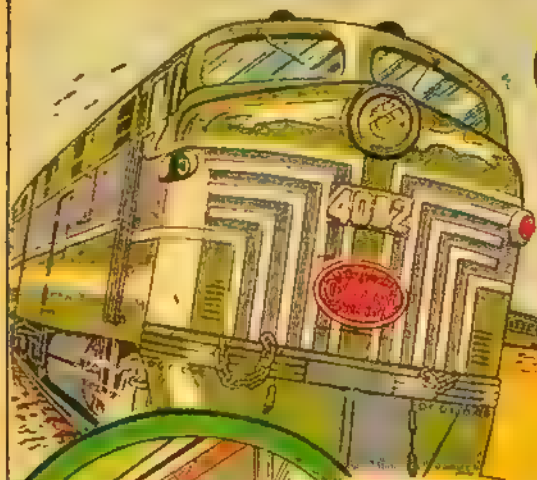




TO GET THERE FIRST:

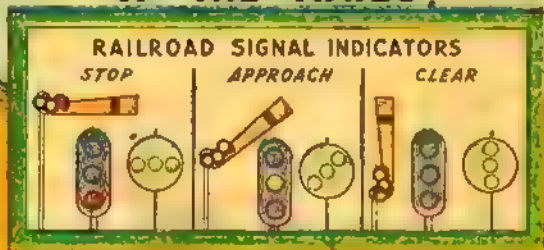
ST:
CRACK
ENGINEERS
FOLLOW THE RULES

FOLLOW THE RULES OF THE RAILS!



THOMAS L. PERKINS

CRACK ENGINEER OF THE '20TH CENTURY LTD' - SAYS



STOP

APPROACH

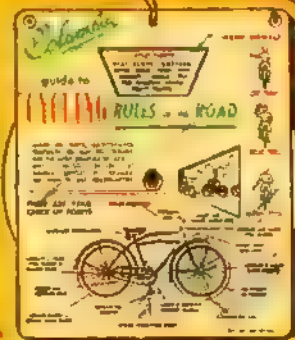
CLEAR

YOU HAVE TO KNOW THE TRAFFIC RULES OF THE RAILS THOROUGHLY TO HANDLE A CRACK TRAIN EXPERTLY AND EFFICIENTLY. THAT GOES FOR HANDLING A BICYCLE, TOO. THE MAKERS OF **COLUMBIA** BICYCLES HAVE MADE IT EASY FOR YOU TO LEARN THESE RULES WITH THEIR *GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD*. SO, BOYS AND GIRLS, WHETHER YOU OWN A BIKE NOW OR HOPE TO OWN ONE SOON . . . TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER TO HELP YOU QUALIFY AS A CRACK BIKE ENGINEER.

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YOUR

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Columbia
AMERICA

SINCE 1877

AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE

The Westfield Manufacturing Company, Westfield, Mass.

The SHINING KNIGHT

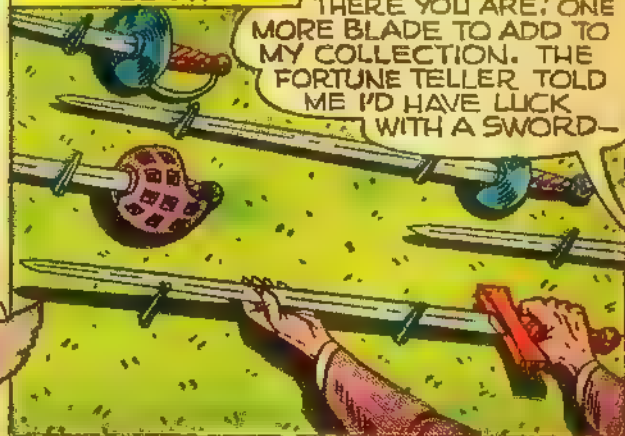


"THIS IS EXCALIBUR SPEAKING. FOLKS. YOU KNOW ME. I'M THE SHINING KNIGHT'S FAMOUS SWORD. YOU'VE SEEN ME IN LOTS OF ADVENTURES. WHAT? YOU DIDN'T KNOW SWORDS COULD TALK? WELL, THEY CAN, TO OTHER SWORDS. SO IF YOU'LL LEAN A LITTLE CLOSER, YOU'RE GOING TO HEAR ALL ABOUT ME. THIS IS MY CHANCE TO HOWL, AND I'M GOING AT IT HILT AND POINT, TO LET YOU IN ON...

'The Saga of a Sword!'

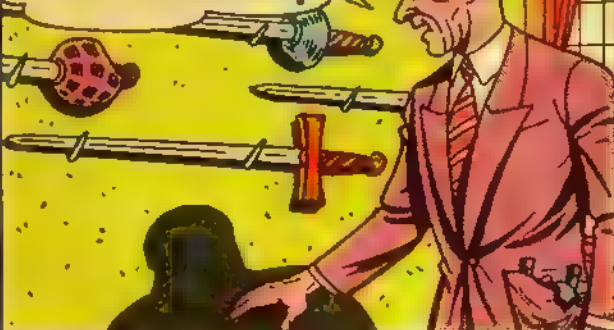
"IT ALL BEGAN SOME NIGHTS AGO, WHEN TWO STRANGE HANDS LIFTED ME AND PUT ME ON SOME HOOKS IN A WALL..."

"THERE YOU ARE! ONE MORE BLADE TO ADD TO MY COLLECTION. THE FORTUNE TELLER TOLD ME I'D HAVE LUCK WITH A SWORD—



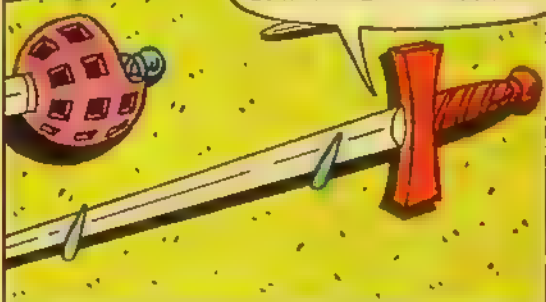
"THE MAN YOU SEE IS SCARS WELCH, A SUPERSTITIOUS RACKETEER..."

"EVERY TIME I FIND A SWORD I EITHER BUY IT OR STEAL IT. I'LL KEEP DOING SO UNTIL I FIND MY LUCKY SWORD!"



"HOOT, MON. YE'RE A PRETTY SWORD. I SUPPOSE YE'RE A FAMOUS BLADE, LIKE THE REST OF US?"

"I AM THE FAMED EXCALIBUR, SWORD OF THE GREAT SHINING KNIGHT!"



"HA! HA! HA! A LIKELY STORY!"

"ALL RIGHT, LAUGH. BUT LET ME TELL YOU—"

"SEE A PIN AND PICK IT UP— ALL DAY LONG YOU'LL HAVE GOOD LUCK!"



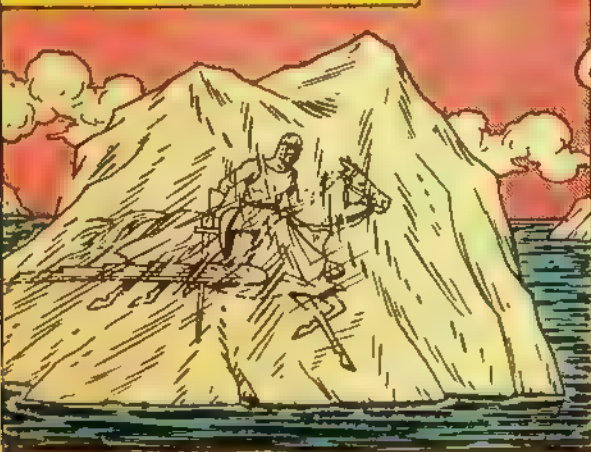
"THE SAGE OF KING ARTHUR, WISE MERLIN, GAVE ME TO SIR JUSTIN, THE SHINING KNIGHT, WITH HIS OWN HANDS..."

"USE HIM WELL, SIR KNIGHT, DRAW ONLY TO FIGHT EVIL."

"THOU HAST MY WORD, WISE MERLIN!"



"FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS I LAY ENCASED WITH SIR JUSTIN IN A MIGHTY ICE BLOCK."

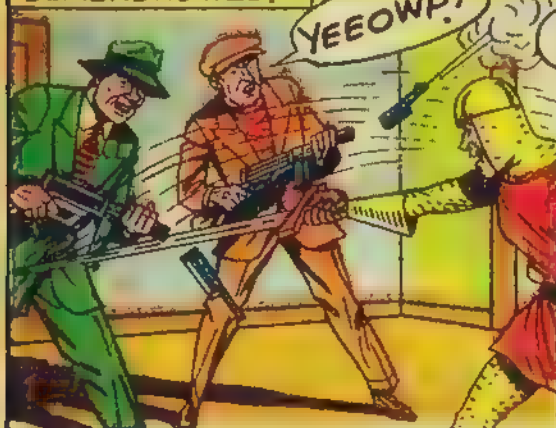


"AND WHEN THE SHINING KNIGHT OPENED HIS EYES TO THIS STRANGE, NEW WORLD, MY HILT WAS THE FIRST THING HE TOUCHED..."

"AHHH, OLD FRIEND!"



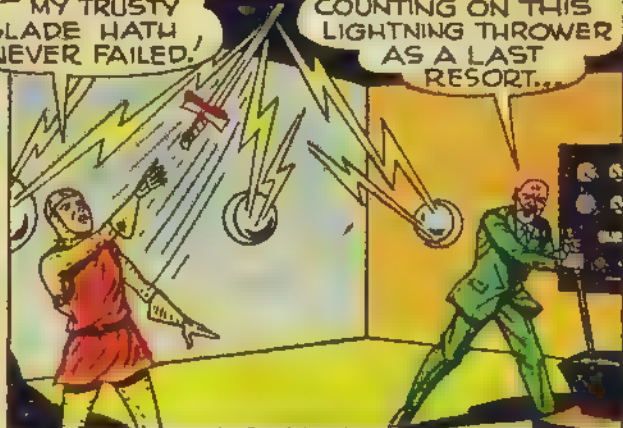
"MY STRENGTH IS SUCH THAT MY KEEN EDGE WILL CLEAVE THROUGH METAL—AS SIR JUSTIN HAS OFTEN DEMONSTRATED!"



"OFTEN I HAVE SERVED AS A LIGHTNING ROD TO PROTECT HIM FROM THE FURY OF HIS ENEMIES."

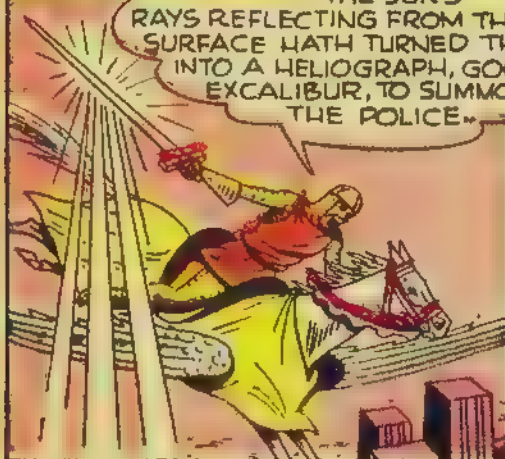
MY TRUSTY BLADE HATH NEVER FAILED!

-ULP—AND I WAS COUNTING ON THIS LIGHTNING THROWER AS A LAST RESORT.



"ONCE I WAS EVEN USED TO SEND SIGNALS!"

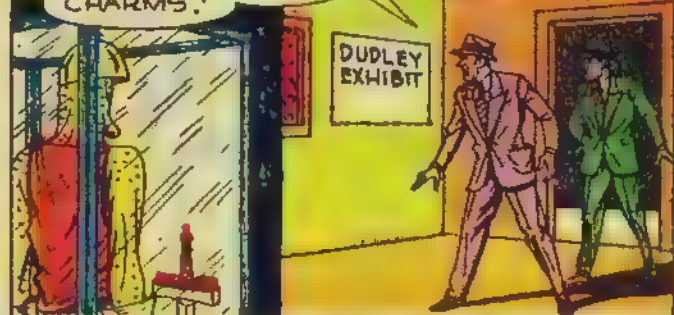
THE SUN'S RAYS REFLECTING FROM THY SURFACE HATH TURNED THEE INTO A HELIOGRAPH, GOOD EXCALIBUR, TO SUMMON THE POLICE.



"WHICH BRINGS US DOWN TO TONIGHT! I WAS RESTING BESIDE SIR JUSTIN'S ARMOR IN OUR GLASS CASE WHEN—"

I TOLD YA FINDING THAT FOUR-LEAF CLOVER WAS LUCKY! I GOT IT IN MY POCKET NOW, WITH THE REST OF MY LUCKY CHARMS!

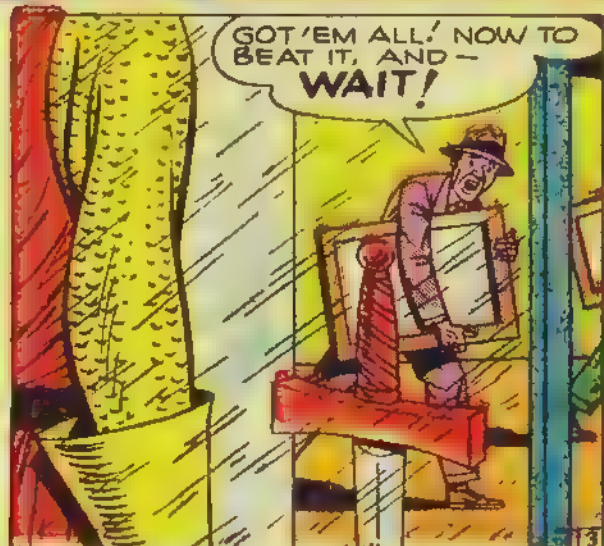
YOUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT, SCARS!

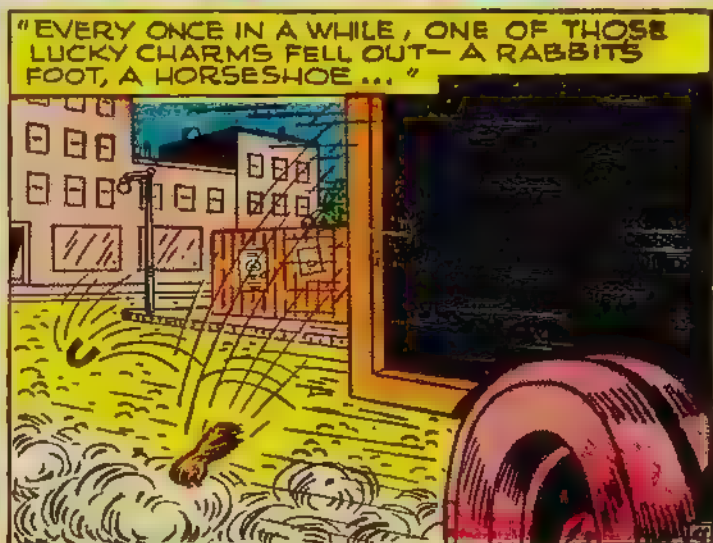
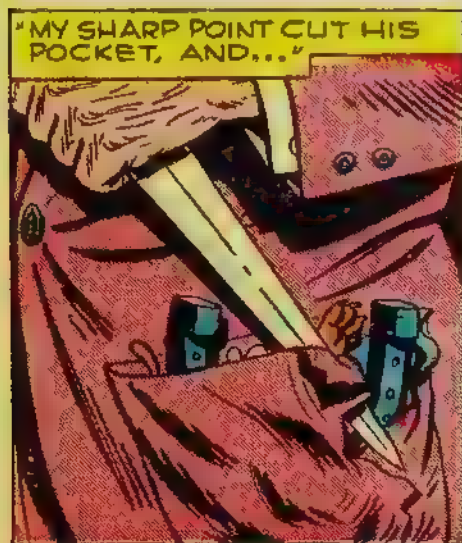
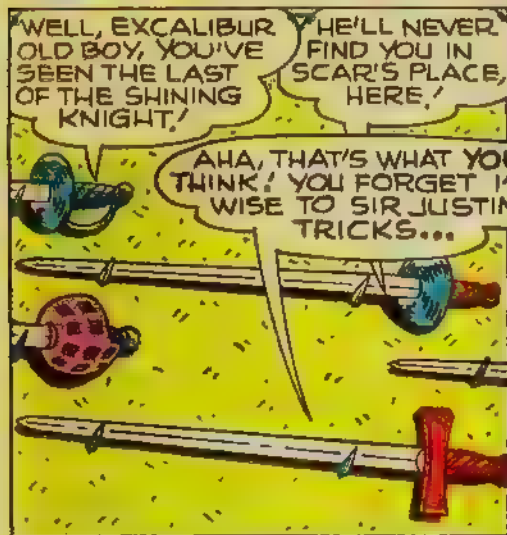
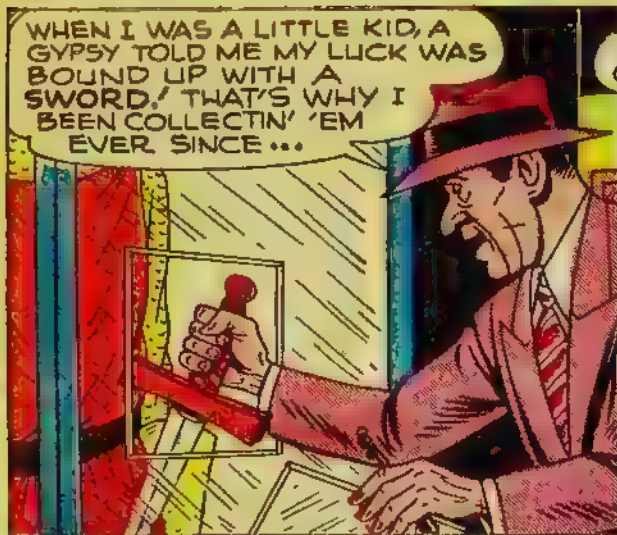


I KNOW PLENTY OF COLLECTORS WHO'LL PAY MY PRICE FOR THESE THINGS—AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED!



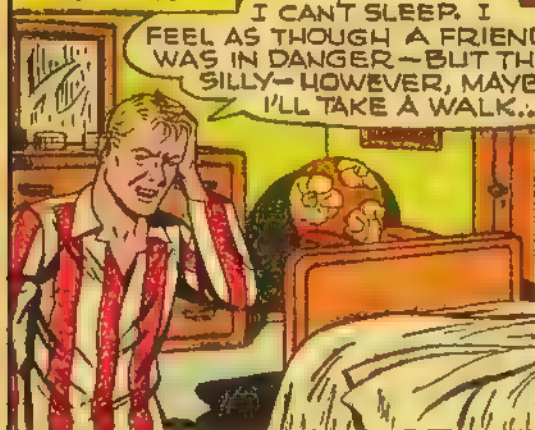
GOT 'EM ALL! NOW TO BEAT IT, AND—
WAIT!



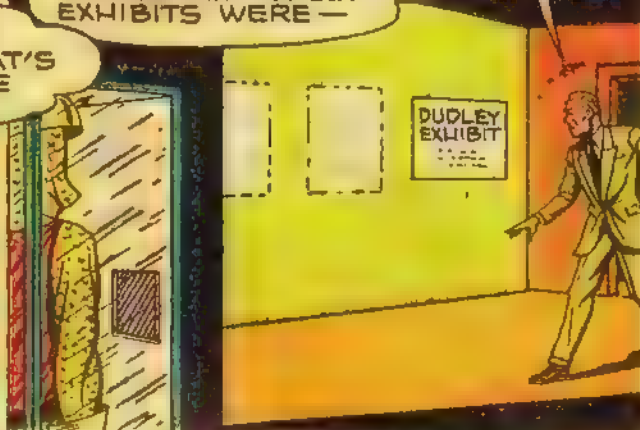


"IN THE MEANTIME—AS I LEARNED LATER—SIR JUSTIN WAS STRANGELY RESTLESS THAT NIGHT..."

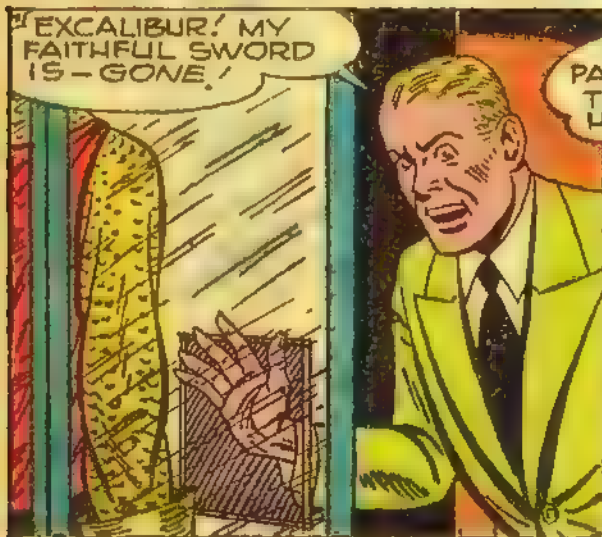
I CAN'T SLEEP. I FEEL AS THOUGH A FRIEND WAS IN DANGER—BUT THAT'S SILLY—HOWEVER, MAYBE I'LL TAKE A WALK...



I'LL LOOK AROUND AND—GADZOOKS! DO THY MY EYES DECEIVE ME? THOSE CLEAN SQUARES, WHERE THE DUDLEY EXHIBITS WERE—



"EXCALIBUR! MY FAITHFUL SWORD IS—GONE!"

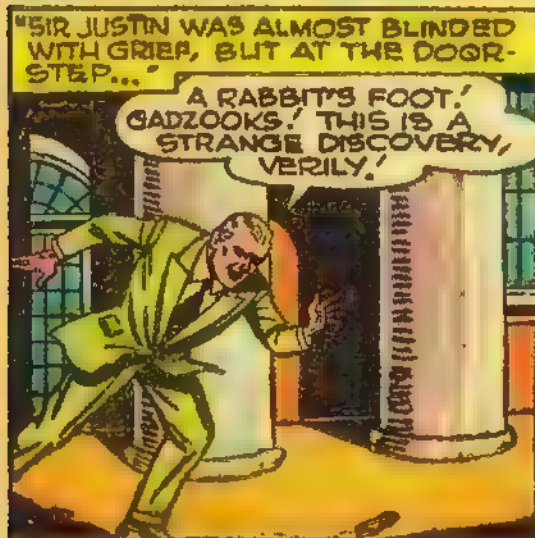


WHAT SHALL I DO? MY SWORD! MY COMPANION OF MANY ADVENTURES, WHO HAS HELPED ME TO CONQUER THE WICKED...

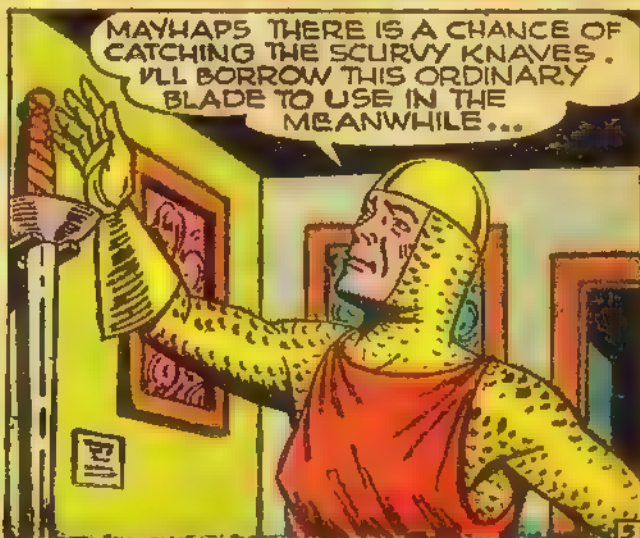


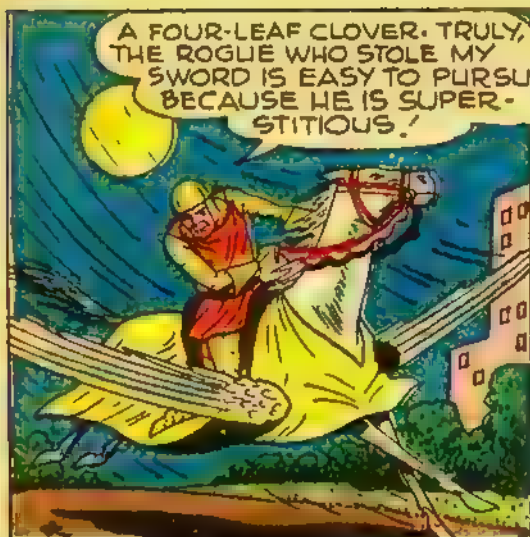
"SIR JUSTIN WAS ALMOST BLINDED WITH GRIEF, BUT AT THE DOORSTEP..."

A RABBIT'S FOOT! GADZOOKS! THIS IS A STRANGE DISCOVERY, VERILY!

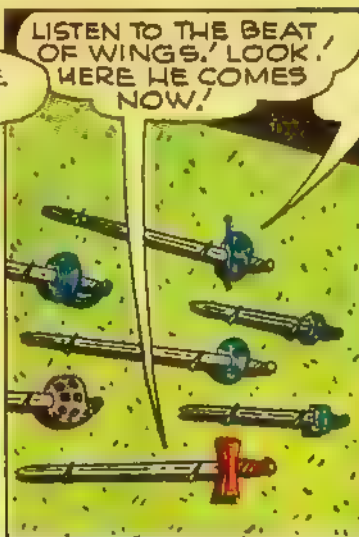


MAYHAPS THERE IS A CHANCE OF CATCHING THE SCURVY KNAVES. I'LL BORROW THIS ORDINARY BLADE TO USE IN THE MEANWHILE...





A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER. TRULY, THE ROGUE WHO STOLE MY SWORD IS EASY TO PURSUE BECAUSE HE IS SUPERSTITIOUS.



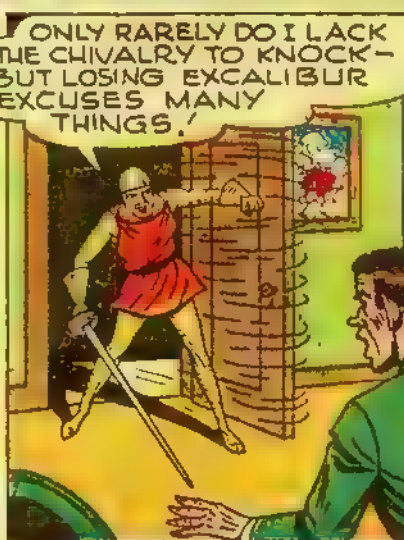
LISTEN TO THE BEAT OF WINGS. LOOK! HERE HE COMES NOW!



JUST A COINCIDENCE. YOU CAN'T TELL US THAT YOU'RE REALLY EXCALIBUR.

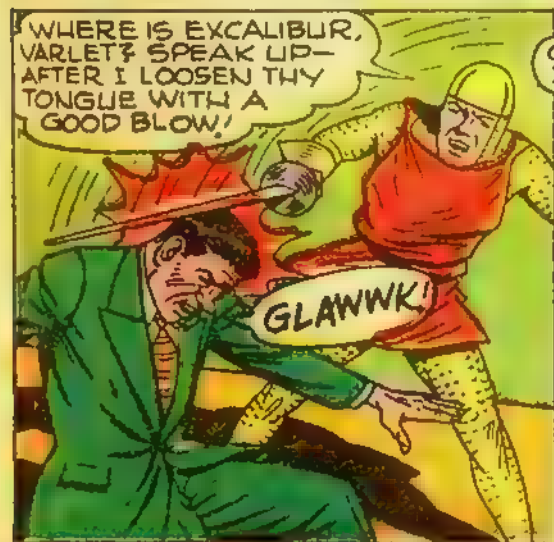


THE TRAIL HATH LED HERE. A WISHBONE. ANOTHER LUCKY SYMBOL. MAYHAPS IT WILL MEAN BAD LUCK FOR THE KNAVE WHO DROPPED IT...



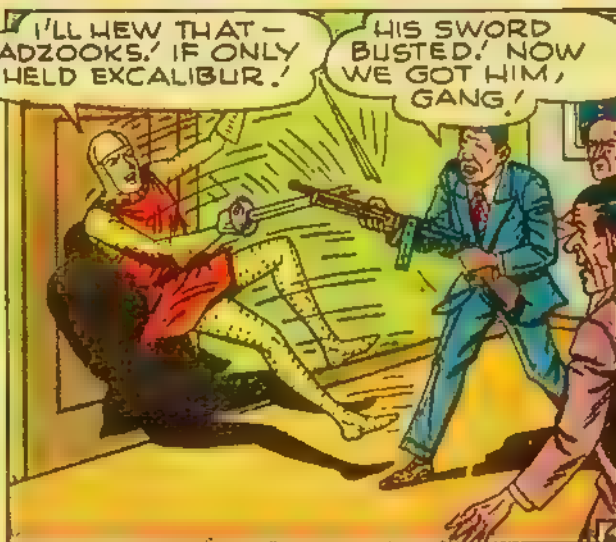
ONLY RARELY DO I LACK THE CHIVALRY TO KNOCK— BUT LOSING EXCALIBUR EXCUSES MANY THINGS.

-GULP!- HEY, LOOK! IT'S THE SHINING KNIGHT!



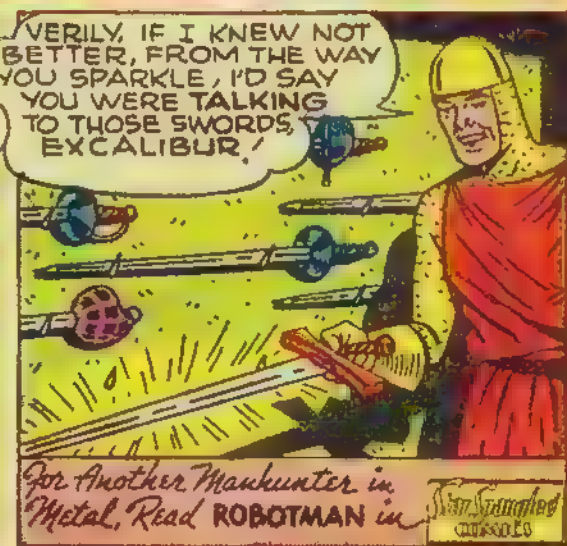
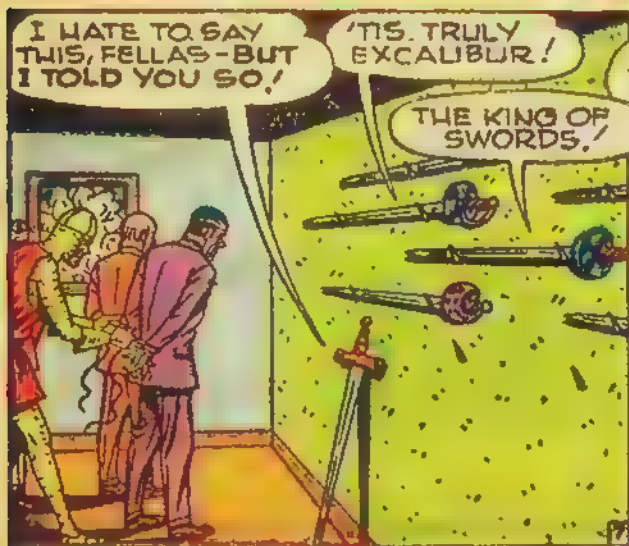
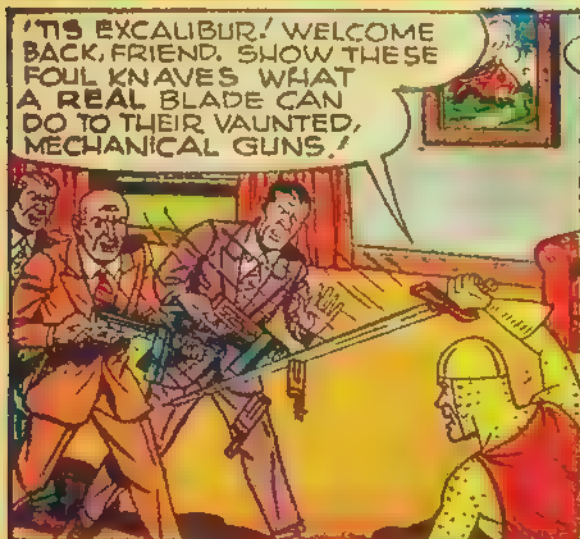
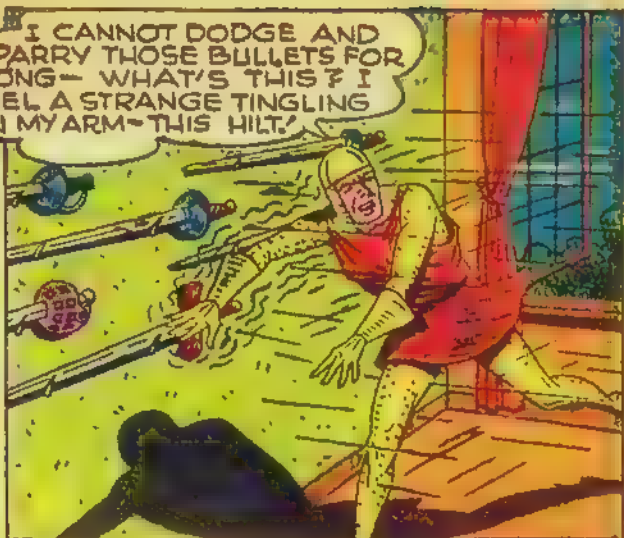
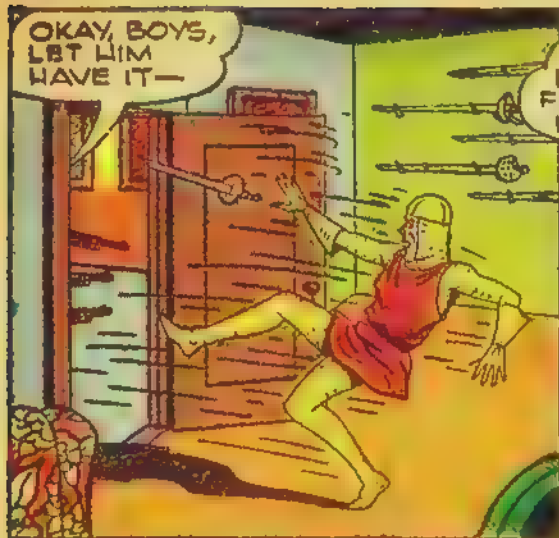
WHERE IS EXCALIBUR, VARLET? SPEAK UP— AFTER I LOOSEN THY TONGUE WITH A GOOD BLOW!

GLAWWK!



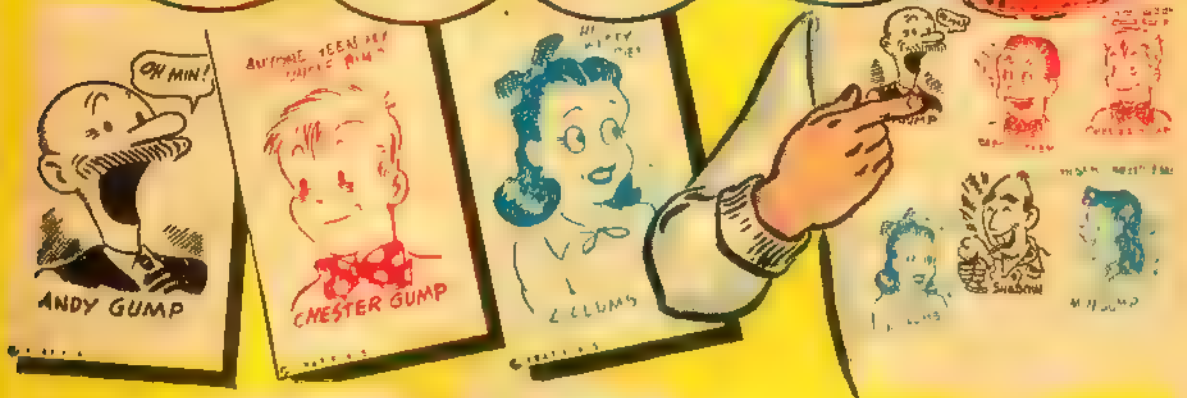
I'LL HEW THAT— GADZOOKS! IF ONLY I HELD EXCALIBUR.

HIS SWORD BUSTED! NOW WE GOT HIM, GANG!



For Another Mankunter in Metal, Read **ROBOTMAN** in *Star Spangled Comics*

LOOK! A COMIC TRANSFER
 LIKE THESE IN EVERY PACKAGE
 OF **KELLOGG'S** SHREDDED WHEAT!



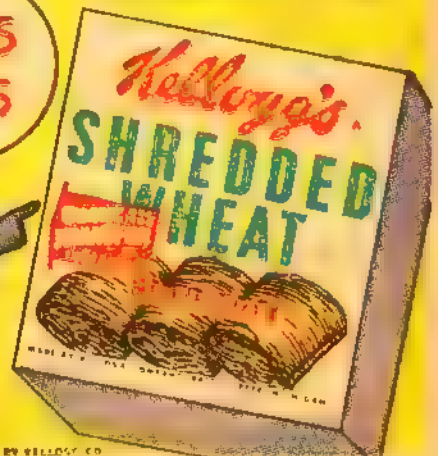
**MOM CAN PRESS THEM
 ON WITH A HOT IRON!**

Genuine hot-iron transfer pictures
 in color! Famous comic strip people!
 Slick for your sweat shirt, jacket,
 T shirt—for all sports' clothes! Tell
 Mom—KELLOGG'S Shredded Wheat
 gives you a comic transfer as a
PRIZE in every package!

These prizes are enclosed only in packages of
 Kellogg's Shredded Wheat sold in the United States.

**REAL FUNNYPAPER FOLKS
 FOR YOUR SHIRTS, HANKIES
 AND BANDANNAS!**

Pst! Mom
 For a bright start
 at breakfast—
this is it!



YOUR TURN, **JOHNNY QUICK!** WHICH OF YOUR SUPER-SPEED STUNTS HAVE YOU CHOSEN FOR THIS SUPER-SPECTACULAR COMIC?

SPEAKING OF COMIC MAGS, HOW MANY READERS KNOW THE WORK THAT GOES INTO PRODUCING ONE? I KNOW... BECAUSE I DID THE WHOLE THING MYSELF ONCE...IN **RECORD TIME!**

and his
**MAGIC
FORMULA**

ART: MORT MESKIN

IS IT POSSIBLE FOR ONE MAN TO PUBLISH A COMIC BOOK **OVERNIGHT?**
IMPOSSIBLE? NOT WHEN THAT ONE MAN IS THE MILE-A-MINUTE MARVEL, **JOHNNY QUICK!**
WATCH (IF YOUR EYES ARE FAST ENOUGH) JOHNNY QUICK DARTING FROM THE DRAWING BOARD TO THE INVOLVED STAGES OF PRINTING A COMIC BOOK... WHILE HE CAPTURES BANDITS ON THE SIDELINES!
IT'S NO WONDER THIS HERCULEAN FEAT ENTITLES HIM TO THE TITLE...
"The 9th WONDER OF THE WORLD!"

FLASH SUPER-SPECTACULAR

ONE DAY, A NEW COMIC BOOK HITS THE NEWSSTANDS, TO BECOME AS POPULAR AS SUPERMAN AND BATMAN.

A COPY OF EIGHTH WONDER COMICS, MISTER.

ONE AT A TIME... ONE AT A TIME.

TO MEET THE GREAT DEMAND FOR COPIES OF THE NEW SMASH, THE PUBLISHER BUYS A BUILDING TO HOUSE THE ENTIRE STAFF...



AND WHAT IS THE "EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD"? IT IS A WONDER DOG... WHOSE FICTIONAL EXPLOITS RIVAL THOSE OF FAMED RIN-TIN-TIN!



PAL, THE WONDER DOG AND HIS MASTER, PAUL!

AND THOUGH BUSY CARTOON ST MEL MITCHUM WINS FAME AND FORTUNE, HE ALWAYS FINDS TIME FOR HIS FANS.. KIDS LIKE THE HOSPITAL SHUT-INS.

NOW PAL IS SAYING HELLO TO HIS FRIENDS!

ARF ARF!

HA HA!

AND NOW~MY SURPRISE! FOR NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE I'M GOING TO DRAW PAL IN AN ADVENTURE ABOUT THIS WARD! AND ALL YOU KIDS WILL BE IN THE STORY!

GOLLY!

OH, BOY!

JOHNNY QUICK

TIME CRAWLS BY FOR THE YOUNGSTERS WHO AWAIT THE NEXT ISSUE OF EIGHTH WONDER COMICS.

WELL, GANG... TOMORROW'S THE GREAT DAY!

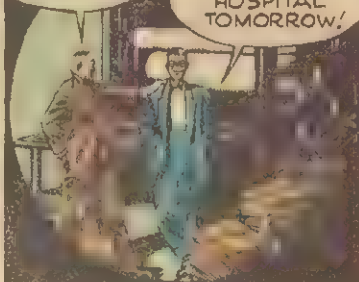
GEE! IMAGINE US IN A STORY WITH PAL!



THAT NIGHT... MITCHUM AND HIS PUBLISHER GRIN HAPPILY...

ALL PRINTED! THE LATEST ISSUE... A GOOD JOB MEL!

THANKS. THERE'LL BE SOME MIGHTY HAPPY KIDS IN THAT HOSPITAL TOMORROW!



SUDDENLY, THE BUILDING ROCKS WITH A TERRIFYING EXPLOSION!



A FIRE IS STARTED... AND TO THE BLAZE COME NEWSREEL MAN JOHNNY CHAMBERS AND HIS SIDEKICK, TUBBY.

COME ON, TUBBY! WE'LL TAKE OUR SHOTS FROM THE ROOF ACROSS THE STREET.



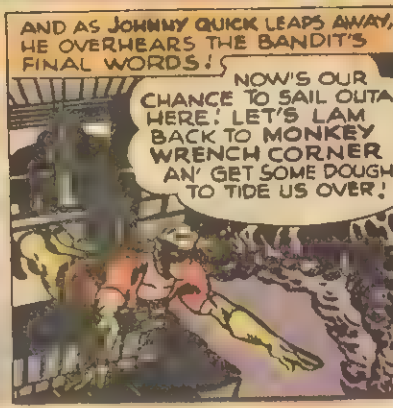
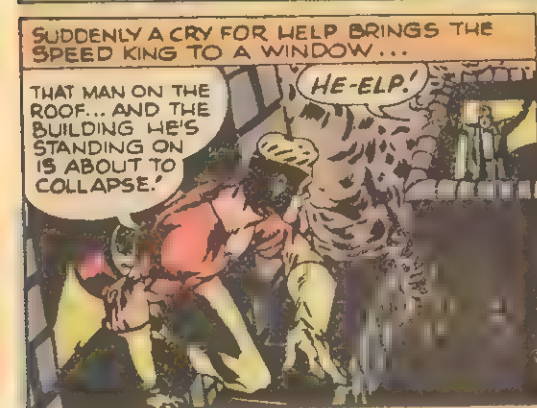
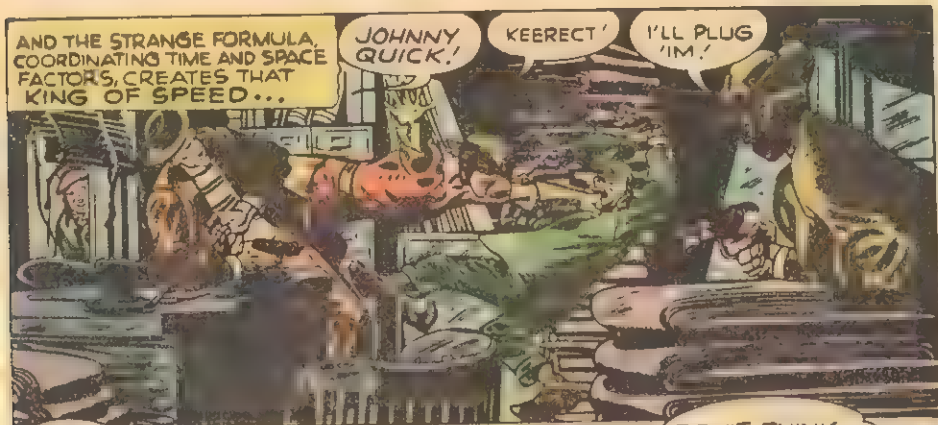
BUT AS THEY GO UP THE FIRE ESCAPE, THEY OVERHEAR...

A BOMB IN THAT PUBLISHING BUILDING WAS AN OKAY IDEA! WITH SO MUCH RACKET GOIN' ON THERE, THE COPPERS CAN'T HEAR US BANGIN' ON THE SAFE IN THIS BUILDING!

THEIR ROTTEN SCHEME MIGHT HAVE WORKED... BUT THEY DIDN'T FIGURE ON A NEWSREEL CAMERAMAN.



FLASH SUPER-SPECTACULAR



JOHNNY QUICK

MEANWHILE... JOHNNY-ON-THE-SPOT-QUICK SNATCHES MITCHUM FROM CERTAIN DEATH!

THANKS!

HOW'D YOU
HAPPEN TO GET
TRAPPED?

I RAN BACK TO SAVE THE MAGAZINE'S
PRINTING PLATES—BUT I FAILED!
THE WHOLE ISSUE WENT UP IN
SMOKE! THOSE KIDS... THE POOR
KIDS! THEY'LL BE DISAPPOINTED
TOMORROW WHEN THE
MAGAZINE IS SUPPOSED
TO COME OUT.

WHAT
KIDS?

AFTER THE FAMOUS ARTIST EXPLAINS
ABOUT THE SHUT-INS AND THE
ADVENTURE STORY...

MY HANDS ARE BURNED! I CAN'T
DRAW FOR A WHILE NOW... AND
EVEN IF I COULD, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE
TO TURN OUT A COMIC BOOK
OVERNIGHT.

ANYTHING IS
POSSIBLE... IF YOU
KNOW HOW! COME
ON!

LATER... AT
MITCHUM'S
HOME...

SAY... YOU DON'T MEAN
YOU'RE GOING
TO...??

I CAN
DRAW...
SO IF I
STUDY YOUR
STYLE...

A NORMAL ARTIST WOULD TAKE HOURS TO IMITATE AN-
OTHER'S TECHNIQUE, BUT JOHNNY QUICK SKETCHES
SO FAST IT TAKES HIM ONLY TWO MINUTES TO SUCCEED.

MEANWHILE... AT THE HOS-
PITAL, THE SHUT-INS HEAR
THE TRAGIC NEWS...

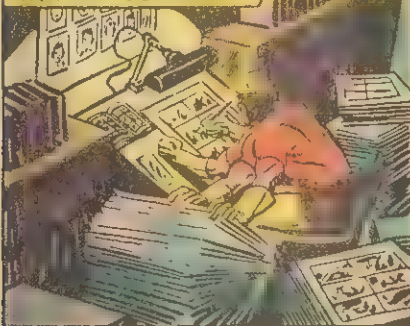
...FIRE DESTROYED THE
ENTIRE BUILDING! THERE'LL
BE NO "EIGHTH WONDER
OF THE WORLD" COMICS
ON THE NEWSSTANDS
TOMORROW!

NOPE...
NOT
QUITE...
AH! GOT
IT!

GOLLY...
GEE
WHIZ...

FLASH SUPER-SPECTACULAR

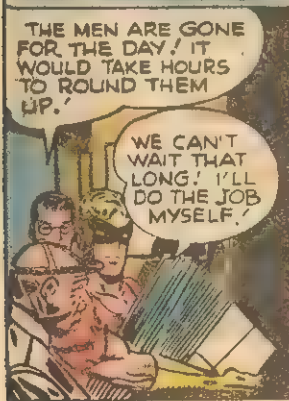
AT MITCHUM'S APARTMENT, FIGURES MAGICALLY SPRING TO LIFE AS JOHNNY QUICK'S PEN SKIMS OVER THE ILLUSTRATION BOARDS...



AND BEFORE YOU CAN SAY JOHNNY QUICK, THE BALLOONS ARE BEING LETTERED!



THE FIRST LAP IS WON... BUT A SETBACK COMES WHEN HE BRINGS HIS DRAWINGS TO A PRINTING PLANT...



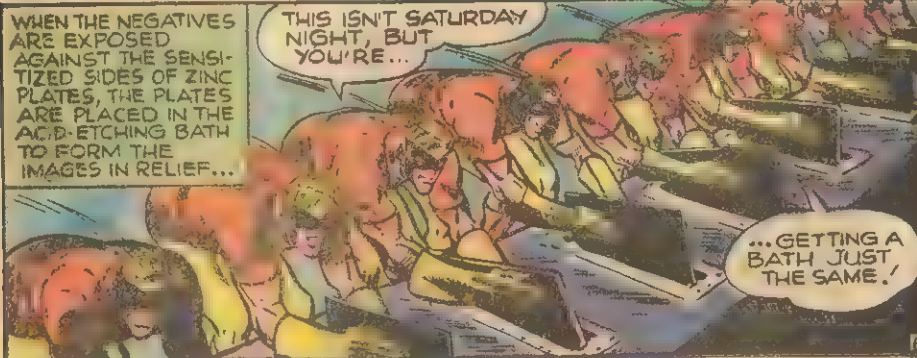
THE MEN ARE GONE FOR THE DAY! IT WOULD TAKE HOURS TO ROUND THEM UP.

WE CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG! I'LL DO THE JOB MYSELF.

MAKING USE OF THE ENGRAVING PLANT, JOHNNY QUICK SWIFTLY PHOTOGRAPHS THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS ON A GLASS PLATE COATED WITH LIGHT-SENSITIVE CHEMICALS!



WHEN THE NEGATIVES ARE EXPOSED AGAINST THE SENSITIZED SIDES OF ZINC PLATES, THE PLATES ARE PLACED IN THE ACID-ETCHING BATH TO FORM THE IMAGES IN RELIEF...



THIS ISN'T SATURDAY NIGHT, BUT YOU'RE...

...GETTING A BATH JUST THE SAME!

JOHNNY QUICK

FINALLY, AFTER MAKING CARDBOARD IMPRESSIONS USED AS MOLDS FOR THE CASTING OF SEMI-CYLINDRICAL METAL PLATES WHICH DO THE ACTUAL PRINTING...

THE "MATS" ARE ALL SET.

YOU'RE A HARD MAN TO SLOW DOWN!

THOSE HOODLUMS! I'D LIKE TO SETTLE A SCORE WITH THEM FOR ALMOST BLASTING THE HOPES OF THE SHUT-INS!

ME, TOO! I WISH I COULD FIGURE OUT WHERE A "MONKEY WRENCH CORNER" WOULD BE!

WE'LL HAVE TO BORROW A PRESS SOMEWHERE, HEY!

BORROW! THAT'S IT! YOU WAIT HERE... I'M GOING TO A "MONKEY WRENCH CORNER"!

THE WATERFRONT...

PLEASE... JUST A FEW BILLS TILL SATURDAY! I'M GETTIN' PAID OFF THEN.

SORRY, FELLA... I'M BROKE MYSELF.

CAN I HELP YOU OUT—COLD THAT IS?

A DEFT CAST OF A HAWSER ROPE SWIFTLY ENCIRCLES A FLEEING BANDIT.

ALL TIED UP AND—

READY FOR DELIVERY!

FLASH SUPER-SPECTACULAR

THIS WILL KEEP YOU ANCHORED DOWN TILL THE POLICE ARRIVE.



LATER... JOHNNY RETURNS TO MITCHUM AND EXPLAINS...

IN SEA SLANG, A "MONKEY WRENCH CORNER" IS WHERE UNEMPLOYED SEAMEN, CALLED "MONKEYS," CAN BORROW, OR "PUT THE WRENCH" ON OTHERS FOR MONEY. SO I KNEW WHERE TO FIND THEM.



LATER... IN THE LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL ...

WHY, SURE... IF JOHNNY QUICK WANTS TO USE THE PRESS, IT'S OKAY.

THANKS! WE'LL NEED A RUN OF TWO MILLION COMIC BOOKS...

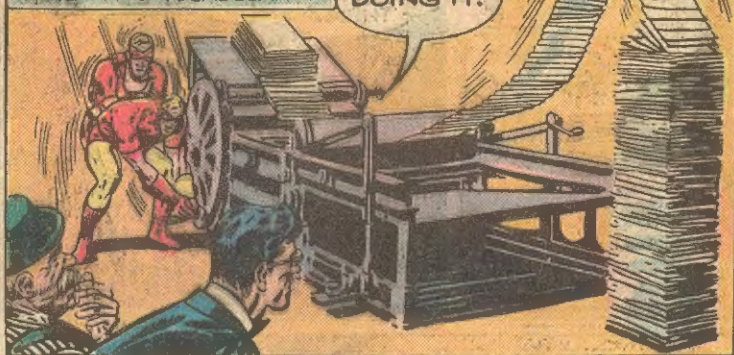


YOU'RE GOING TO RUN OFF TWO MILLION BY YOURSELF? IMPOSSIBLE!



"IMPOSSIBLE" IS A WORD JOHNNY QUICK DOESN'T HAVE IN HIS VOCABULARY!

(GULP) HE'S DOING IT!



WE CAN'T LET THE BOOKS REMAIN BLACK AND WHITE! GET SOME COLORED INK! I'LL COLOR THE BOOKS BY HAND!



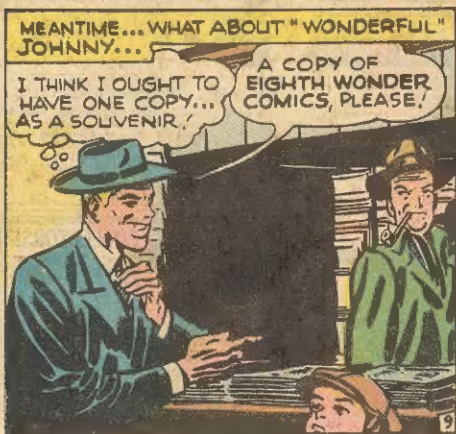
MORE BRUSHES! MORE INK!



YOU'VE USED UP 200 BRUSHES ALREADY!

I'D HATE TO COUNT UP THE GALLONS OF INK!

JOHNNY QUICK



THE CASE OF THE BOX CAR BANDIT

The Adventures of
DASHWELL HAMMATT'S
SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening on your Columbia (C&S) station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

SAM SPADE ACE DETECTIVE...AND HIS SECRETARY EFFIE...ARE HEADED FOR AN ERRAND AT THE COUNTY SEAT WHEN A SPEEDY FREIGHT WHIZZES BY...

SAM--THEY'LL BE KILLED!

HOLY SMOKES--AND ONE'S JUST A KID. QUICK DRIVE ALONG--SIDE THAT TRAIN!

